The Centre Reporter.

VOLUME { OLD SERIES, XL. / NEW SERIES, XVI. CENTRE HALL, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1883. NO. 29.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Prop'r.

Several storms are reported from west of the Mississippi last Saturday, doing much damage to towns and crops, and causing the loss of some lives.

There appears to be qutie a boom in the air for the old ticket, Tilden and Hendricks. We would not be surprised to see it get under full headway for the white-house.

The Republicans are not harmonious all through. Col. Duff, late Independent nominee for Lieut. Governor, says he and a good many others will not swallow the present Cameron fix-up ticket.

It leaks out that the recent Republican state convention resulted in a slaughter of boss Quay by boss Magee, both old Cameron bosses, and that Don wished Quay to get a black eye, fearing he was getting to be too big a boss.

The legislative conference commiitees could not agree. The bosses' committee insisted upon having nearly all the districts while the Democrats claimed only their fair share.

The Republican state convention met at Harrisburg on 11, and on 6th ballot nominated Capt. Wm. Livesey, of Allegheny, for State Treasurer. On 5th ballot J. B. Niles, of Tioga, was nominated for Aud. General. There was little enthusiasm among the crowd, and the ticket was fixed on by the slate managers beforhand.

Why not congress demand members elected upon a constitutional apportionment or reject the whole batch?

The state Constitution says that the apportionment shall be of "compact and contiguous territory." This the Republicans now refuse to obey, so that they may unfairly get 20 out of the 28 districts. The Republican senators took the oath to obey the Constitution.

Now if an unfair apportionment is to be the outcome, in spite of all the offers of the Democrats for a fair one in accordance with the Constitution, then is there not a remedy in an appeal to Congress and could not that body exclude a delegation sent there upon an apportionment that clearly violates the letter and spirit of the Constitution? The federal Constitution says each house shall judge the qualifications of its members.

Col. D. H. Hastings, of Bellefonte, has been appointed Asst. Adjutant General on the staff of Gen. Beaver, commanding the 2d Brigade, N. G. P. Thus our friend is now soldier as well as statesman, and he will consider our index finger in position, *a la militaire*.

In some quarters Gov. Pattison's vetoes are belittled; it's where they take from the pocket books. As long as the people can stand the vetoes, all right—and the people seem to take to them pretty well.

Gov. Pattison's vetoes, thus far, mean less taxes for the farmer and workingman and no pay for services not rendered by the stall-fed oxen.

The Erie saloon keepers have taken a new departure. They have a Reform Association of Saloon Keepers and Liquor Dealers, which met the other evening and resolved to prosecute three or four dealers who have been violating the law by selling on Sunday and to minors. The Law and Order Society of Temperance Workers stand aghast at this departure.

"ALL RIGHT!"

The above is what the sub-bosses cabled to Don, now in Europe, after their ticket was nominated last week. Of course, Don understood that to mean that his deputies had their own way in fixing things in accordance with his wishes and that the Independents had been entrapped thinking the boss fox was away from home.

We'll see whether the people will say, "All right," to this dish of the bosses.

The barbed wire decision in St. Louis, upsetting the Washington and Moen patents, has borne its first fruits in a proposition from the members of the combination formed by the owners of the patents to reduce royalties, whose amount is nearly half the present cost of barbed wire, and barbed wire is to day the chief cost of turning Western plains into grazing grounds. Bessemer steel, which has cheapened railroads so greatly, would have cheapened barbed wire fencing equally if it were not for the royalties exacted by these patents.

In a banana eating contest in Huntingdon on Monday evening J. J. White devoured 27 bananas while Irvin Kuntzelman ate 18. Hog cholera generally attacks such fellows.

Loudon is alarmed by the breaking out of the cholera there.

A PLEA FOR JUSTICE.

On the apportionment, Wallace closed the debate, referring to the personalities that had been injected into the discussion. He said that crimination and recrimination were useless in the settlement of great questions. The people want fairness, justice and equity. This broad thought had actuated the Democratic sides and they proposed to go before the people with. The Legislature of 1883 was about to pass into history. Senators could not close their eyes to the evidences that they were about to adjourn and that the misshapen, unfair unequal districts of the old apportionment would remain. By the present arrangement it took 24,000 Republicans to elect a Congressman, while it required 52,358 Democrats. A Republican Senator represented but 1,381 votes, while a Democratic represented 24,634. The key-note of the Republican action was not to have any apportionment. The Republicans did not introduce any apportionment bills at the regular session. They said: "The law is better for us as it stands; let it continue." The House bill when it came to the Senate remained in committee from April 4 to May 3—one month—before it was reported. The Legislative bill was also kept in committe a month and was not reported until May 11. The McCracken bill required 16,000 more Democrats than Republicans to elect a Congresman. In the Senatorial bill Lackawanna and Montgomery counties were set down as Democratic, when they had Republican majorities in 1880. It gave the Republicans 32 and the Democrats 18 Senators. The Democrats had offered 28 Republicans and 22 Democrats, which offer had been repeated, and on this basis 16,283 Republicans would elect a Senator, while it would require 26,830 Democrats. There was in the action of the Republicans the deep-seated political scheme to get the United States Senators in 1885 and 1887, and this was why the Constitution was violated. Mr. Wallace concluded by reminding the Republicans that, by refusing to make a Congressional apportionment, they jeopardized the Pennsylvania delegation in the Forty-ninth Congress—certainly, the member-at-large. Gordon's proposition for a further conference was then voted down and the Senate adjourned until Monday evening.

How to treat sunstroke, is thus given by a writer in the *Herald*: Drag the body into the nearest shade; place it in a sitting position against a wall, a tree, or anything that will be a support for the back; loosen the collar of shirt or dress; throw ice cold water over the head copiously; give a pretty stiff dose of Jamaica ginger—say an ounce or more—to a half glass of water. Keep up the application of water after the ginger has been given but moderately, and it need not be ice cold. Let the patient have plenty of air around him, and in an hour's time he will walk home or to a street car. This is all the treatment necessary and it is based on common sense. The oppression on the brain caused by the heat is relieved by the cold water, and the blood is sent from the head to the body. The ginger (if not obtainable immediately brandy will answer, though the essence of ginger is the strongest stimulant and quickest) prevents anaemia, or lack of blood, by stimulating the vessels and sending fresh blood back to the brain.

Triumph of the Deering Binder.—It is generally admitted that the trial of binders on the Huston farm, near Centre Hall, last Monday, resulted in a triumph for the Deering machine, and on account of its splendid work it found a purchaser right on the spot, in the lessee of the farm, Mr. Peter Breon, who gave it preference over all competing machines. At the trial the Deering moved in gracefully as a queen and moved out as conqueror. The Deering delivered her evenly shaped and tightly bound sheaves with an elegance and regularity that won for this unsurpassed binder the admiration of the spectators. Besides the perfectness with which the Deering did its work, all admitted that it was remarkably easy on the team.

The Deering is now the recognized master of the field as a binder, both as regards elegance of work and lightness of draft. There is no purpose here to run down any other binder, but simply to direct the attention of farmers to the BEST machine as demonstrated after a fair trial before an impartial jury. The Deering is that machine, and no other now in the field surpasses it—it is so near perfection that there is scarce room for any thing better.

The New Hampshire Republicans are still divided on the election of a U. S. Senator, with no prospects of harmony.

——The Republicans have made their nominations and the most significant plank in their platform is this one, that where persons fail to derive any benefit from the tariff, the next best place to resort to is the Philad. Branch for new suits for men and boys—and on this issue they will go before the people.

Tom Thumb died of apollexy on 15, aged 45 years.

The Longwell murder is not the first in Mifflin co. Eisenbise some 25 years ago killed a man in Lewistown and got off.

PENN HALL ITEMS.

On Sunday eve Rev. Z. A. Yearick delivered a very interesting sermon on church history, in the academy building. Gentlemen, why do you call at the Reporter office to hunt the News Boy when he is right among you? Profitable business: since J. W. Bartges is operating with his hair clipper he secures such an abundance of hair as to supply the wants of his coach trimming dep't. Our people are getting alarmed over the spread of the Canada thistle; especially so on the lots near the depot—there is a penalty for letting them spread. Mrs. J. B. Fisher unfortunately stepped into a nail; result, has to nurse a sore foot, but not dangerous. Daniel, son of Joseph Weaver, celebrated the 4th by wounding his hand from a pistol shot; he is a brother to the one killed on the r.-r. On 13 lightning melted the tip of one of the lightning rods on J. B. Heckman's house.

Sam'l Borell was shoeing a horse when a piece of steel entered his eye and it is feared his sight is injured. Philip Auman had a cow killed by lightning. A valuable cow of Harvey Vonada was found dead; cause, not known. John Harter has returned from the west; call around and see us, Johnny. Prof. A. E. Goble and lady, from New Berlin, are here visiting his parents and friends; always glad to see you, Aaron. Joseph Smith is out again with his meat wagon, he was unwell but can toot again. H. A. Yearick, a former resident of Penn Hall, now a resident of Phil'a, is visiting his parents and friends in this county. Harry, we are always glad to see you. The trade dollar is received at par at J. B. Fisher's store. News Boy.

MURDER IN MIFFLIN COUNTY.

SAMUEL LONGWELL KILLS REED ALEXANDER NEAR MILROY.

Lewistown, July 16.—The first murder in this county startled our people this morning, Samuel Longwell killing Reed Alexander with a fence rail on a farm near Milroy. It appears that Alexander asked Longwell, sr., the owner of the farm, for the privilege of picking a bucket of raspberries off the bushes on the land. Permission was given. It happened that the farm was tenanted by his son, Samuel Longwell, who was not aware of the favor granted Alexander, and when he saw him with his bucket he at once ordered him off the place. Alexander refused to obey. Sharp language was used between them when Longwell picked up a piece of fence rail and struck Alexander across the head. He fell to the ground and Longwell fled. The injured man was discovered by another gentleman to whom he was just able to tell who his assailant was. A few moments later he died.

The officers arrived here at 9 o'clock to-night with Longwell. The arrest was made by Policeman Wimer, of Lewistown, about 4 o'clock on Longwell's farm. The prisoner now seems to realize the terrible situation in which he has placed himself. The sight of the crowd on his arrival greatly unnerved him. It seemed as if the whole population of the town had turned out and every body was excited. Conflicting stories are afloat to-night. Some say that Longwell had no idea that Alexander was fatally injured and is to be pitied, while others insist that after he struck Alexander he had left him he turned and jumped over the fence, returned to the side of his victim and choked him, and left him to die, and had the party who passed been a little later he would have expired without informing on his assailant.

The murdered man was about 35, and leaves a wife and several children. He was a peaceable man. The murderer is about 28, married and has a family. It is reported there was an old grudge between the parties.

A KANSAS CYCLONE.

Four Persons Killed and Fifteen Injured.

Holton, Kan, July 11.—A tornado struck Soldier City, a town of two hundred inhabitants, eighteen miles west of this city, on the Kansas Central Railroad, last night, about 10 o'clock, completely demolishing sixteen buildings and injuring numbers of others. Three women and one child were killed outright, and some fifteen injured, several seriously.

A $33,000 ROBBERY.

Williamsport, Pa., July 14.—The store of William Weaver, of Montoursville Pa. was burglarized last night of $20,000 in Catawissa Railroad bonds, $3,000 in miscellaneous securities, $600 in checks, and $200 cash.

The Car-Driver's Theory.

The car-driver slowed up carefully as the reporter stepped abroad, and, by various twists of the neck and divers sidelong glances, displayed a disposition to talk as the car rattled on its way down town. After going several blocks in silence he turned around suddenly and remarked, briskly.

"Oi have thim on, zur!"

"You have, eh? What are they?"

"Me wintur's socks. I'm as warrum as a babby, an' twoice as comfortable."

"I s'pose car-drivers suffer on cold days?"

"Well, there's snow in bed when Oi get left, zur. Oi 'ave struck the best thing that iver wuz. I put on a pair av cotton socks first, an' then draw the woolen ones over thim, an' yez could walk in the river till midnight, an' it stan's to reason you'd niver git cowld."

"Why not?"

"Fur the reason that you couldn't. The cowld, whin it comes in through the wolen sock, stops at the outside of the cotton sock, and the warrum which goes out from yersel through the cotton sock. Accordingly yer fate is always warrum, and the cowld gits left, yer see."

Having relieved himself on this head, the driver turned contentedly to his horses, and said nothing more.

The Latest Style of Criticism.

"A revolution has broken out," cried a little gentleman in black, rushing into the dramatic editor's room.

"Take it to the political editor."

"No, I mean a revolution in journalism, and in your particular line. I believe you are the dramatic critic of this paper," said the little gentleman, plumping into a chair and drawing forth a manuscript.

"Haven't time to look over any new plays to-day," said the dramatic editor. "Call again in about three years or so."

"Don't want you to look over a play," said the little gentleman. "Something far more important. A revolution has taken place in dramatic criticism."

"No use for it," said the dramatic editor.

"But we have reached a stage in the æsthetical progress of the world when the public demands a more——"

"Heard that by the yard before," said the editor. "I tell you this is my busy day."

"It is your business to hear and learn," said the little gentleman. "Art, in its passionate serenity, stands beckoning you to a higher plane. Will you go up to that plane and become one of the educators of your time, or are you content to dwell upon the full houses and drawing well level of criticism?"

"I say this is my busy day," shouted the editor.

"But my business is of far more importance than that you have on hand," said the little gentleman. "I come to you as a missionary of art to lead you out into the Joan Francois Millet atmosphere of dramatic criticism, where everything is purely, exquisitely, augustly Greek, and where you will be taught to fall down upon your knees before the Parthenon, and where the very air is permeated with——"

"If you don't light out this moment I'll have you bounced," cried the editor.

"Suppose you are writing up the appearance of a new actress," continued the little gentleman, "do not dwell too long upon the mere unimportant point of her acting, but float away into the artistic phases of the question. Say, for instance, that the harmony in blue and gold which she wore in the first act was charming, but that the right leg of the table at the back was not so purely Grecian as it might have been, and that the candlestick used in the second act was all out of harmony with the snuffers. Then go back into history a bit. Lug in something about Reynolds, Claude or some other fellow, no matter who, and never mind about its having to do with the subject you are writing on. Wander away into Florentine mysticism, and sling in a lot about the romantic, the classic and the plastic. Then pitch in and say that the actress reminds you of the pure Egyptian, Roman and Greek types of beauty, dilate upon her ears, mouth, eyes, face, neck, and say anything you like so long as you don't come out flat-footed about her acting. Always keep that point in the background. Say, for instance, in opening up, 'It is strange what a charm hangs about the ruins of dead Troy, but then everything that is beautiful in woman is coupled with that city, made a living, real thing by the blind poet of Greece. Has another Helen come among us?' Then you compare your actress with the old Helen racket, and ——"

"Stop," cried the editor.

"Then say that her laughter is as the laughing of pleasant fountains over ——" but the little man suddenly dropped under the table, and his remains were duly deposited in a wagon and taken to Flatbush.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A lecturer was once in a dilemma which he will probably never forget. While talking about art he ventured the assertion: "Art can never improve nature." And at that moment some one in the audience cried out, in a gruff voice: "Can't, eh? Well then, how do you think you would look without your wig?"

Our subscribers should bear in mind when one year is paid in advance, $2, we allow a credit of 2 months as a premium

At Milwaukee, Wis., three children were burned to death through a house taking fire.

Straw Lumber.

At Lawrence, Kan., is a factory engaged in making a substitute for lumber, It has the appearance of a first-class sound-board, free from knots, sap and wind shakes, Black walnut will get a black eye when brought into contact with it, Hardwood representations are made so closely that the eye cannot detect the difference between the real and the imitation,

The *American Architect* is our authority for saying that straw lumber is admirably adapted to many kinds of finishing work, barrels, table and counter tops, doors and ornamental work, and can be produced at less than half of the present cost of walnut, The dimensions of boards may be made to suit the buyer, of any width, length or thickness. It is susceptible of a high polish, and works well with paint and varnish.

It is practically fire and water-proof, being manufactured under 500 deg. heat. Its tensile strength is greater than that of walnut or oak, and it is but little heavier than walnut.

It is made from any kind of straw, hemp, or flax fiber. A ton of straw will make 1,000 feet of boards. It is made into pulp, rolled into thin sheets, and these are united by cement and pressure, so as to make the desired thickness.

These features make the new lumber a valuable product in the great West and Northwest. One acre of land will produce enough straw to make 3,000 feet of lumber each year.

It is a good walnut tree that in fifty years will cut a twenty-four inch board, and 20,000 feet of lumber is a good yield from one acre of forest, If then the straw lumber shall prove as valuable as the claims made for it, we have an important step in the solution of lumber supply.

A Beauty Snubbed.

It is whispered, says the London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, in the serene altitudes of the best society, and it is muttered in the next stratum, that—my pen ter-r-r-r-embles at the thought—Miss Chamberlaine has been very nearly "cut" by the princess of Wales. Her royal highness was very cordial the other day to every lady present, shaking hands with all of them, but merely returning Miss Chamberlaine's salute in the stiffest manner. The princess is not only a pretty and good, but extremely sensible woman, and knowing the prince to be a confirmed male flirt, smiles gently at the *toquades* by which he is affected. When he constituted himself the cavalier, first of Mrs. Langtry, and then of Mrs. Cornwallis West, his wife was extremely kind to those ladies, who knew perfectly well how to keep the heir-apparent in his place and thus maintain their own. As I was not at Homburg when the prince was there I can not repeat the untrustworthy chatter I hear about Miss Chamberlaine and the prince. No actual impropriety is suggested, but it seems that they appeared together in public too often to please a censorious world, and behaved with a freedom pronounced quite unprecedented. The worst of all was the indiscretion of a certain illustrated newspaper, in which appeared a full page wood-cut of the prince and Miss Chamberlaine looking at the fireworks at Homburg. This work of art was, I hear shown to the princess, who is, as any other lady would be, annoyed that her husband's flirtations should be made public and give an impression that she is a slighted wife. Any hopes that Miss Chamberlaine's friends may have entertained of seeing her run as the fashionable beauty of next season are now at an end, notwithstanding her "gypsy face and angel's hair."

Mr. Gladstone is an able man. He delivers brilliant speeches, reads Greek like English, and is one of the best scholars alive. But at the same time he jumps around and howls like an illiterate plumber when, in kicking on a tight boot, a hole in the toe of his stocking causes that valuable article to shoot way back round his ankle.—*Puck.*

The Craze for Prehistorics.

One touch of nature makes the whole world, including the red man, kin, as an Arizona correspondent of the New York *Tribune* shows. One dusky brother out there is taking advantage of the antiquarian craze of the average tourist for something "prehistoric," and his ingenious mind has led him to devise means for gratifying the æsthetic longing of the cultured paleface. He can now furnish pottery, as one's wine merchant does wine, of any age required. General Logan tells a good story of the ingenuity of the Indians. While in Santa Fe during his recent visit to New Mexico, in conversation with Colonel Stevenson one day, he exclaimed: "Stevenson, there is a good deal of fraud about this ancient pottery business. I went up to the Tesuki settlement the other day and called for pottery 300 years old. They presently brought me out a piece, and bless me if it wasn't red-hot!"

"I see that your son is out of the Penitentiary," said a man to an acquaintance. "Yes; we proved that insanity was the cause of his killing the fellow, and they turned him out on probation." "How's that?" "They said that they'd let him stay out a day or two, and if he acted like a crazy man they'd let him stay out permanently. Well, he acted like he was insane, and I reckon he'll stay out." "How did he act like he was insane?" "By killing another man."

Subscribe and pay for the Reporter.

In a cave at the summit of a high bluff near Gridley, Cal., a colony of bees had been secreting honey for fifteen years. The only access to their treasure was an almost perpendicular wall of rock, and the difficulty of securing it had always been a sufficient protection until about a month ago, when a party of invaders determined upon an assault. They reached the cave, and, after a three-hours battle with the bees, came off victorious, though they all felt that another such victory would have been the ruin of them. In the cave was found a solid mass of honey in the comb two and a half feet thick.

Dyspepsia dampens the ardor of many an aspring soul. Why suffer from dyspepsia? Why be frightened over disordered kidneys? Why continue the miserable life of a dyspeptic, nerveless mortal? Brown's Iron Bitters will surely cure you. It has permanently cured thousands of cases where other remedies afford only temporary relief. Ask your druggist concerning its merit. Try a sample bottle and you will be relieved of further mental and physical distress.

Yankton, Dak., July 10.—A hail storm to day destroyed 5,000 acres of growing crops in Bon Homm and Hutchinson counties

——If you want to see mountains of clothing, genuine goods, latest styles, and low in prices, then wend your way to the Philad. Branch, where you buy cheaper than in Philadelphia or in any other city. This is a fact—try it, and you will be convinced as hundreds have been.

POLISHING THE WRONG END.

Many men daily polish their boots who never give a thought to the condition of their hair, except to harrow it casually with brush and comb, or submit it to the paralyzing attentions of the average barber. What happens? Why this: From neglect, mental anxiety, or any of a score of causes, the hair turns prematurely gray and begins to fall out. Parker's Hair Balsam will at once stop the latter processs and restore the original color. An elegant dressing, free from grease. july 4t

Put a Brand on Him.

"Women are a necessary evil," he said, bringing down his fist hard on the counter to emphasize the heartless remark. It was in a village store at West Milton, Saratoga county, and the speaker was the central figure of a group of bucholic philosophers. He was homely, eleven and sixty.

"There's where I differ from you altogether," said Mr. George T. Graham, of the same place. "Women are mostly what men make 'em. When husbands are brutes wives will fall into submission or make home hot for the men; and they're unnatural in either character. Love them, and especially be good to them when they're sick, and you'll have no trouble. There's my own wife, now. She's suffered a good deal with dyspepsia, nervous prostration and other ailments that took the bloom off her cheeks and the spring out of her steps. Well, she saw an advertisement of Parker's Tonic, and thought it would be just the thing for her case. Gentlemen, I sent five miles after a bottle. She took it. I sent again after more. So several times. Trouble? Why, if you could see how much good it has done her you would say that women are the greatest of God's blessings, and Parker's Tonic is the next."

This preparation, which has been known as Parker's Ginger Tonic, will hereafter be called simply "Parker's Tonic." This change has been rendered necessary by substitutes imposed upon their customers by unprincipled dealers under the name of ginger; and as ginger is really an unimportant flavoring ingredient, we drop the misleading word.

There is no change however in the preparation itself, and all bottles remaining in the hands of dealers, wrapped under the name of Parker's Ginger Tonic contain the genuine medicine if the facsimile signature of Hiscox & Co. is at the bottom of the outside wrapper. july 1 n r

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentory upon the estate of John Dutweiler, deceased, late of Penn township, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, they would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

FRANK DUTWEILER, Aaronsburg;
JACOB DUTWEILER, Millheim,
21jun6t Executors.

SPRING MILLS HOUSE,

On L. & T. R. R.

FINE SUMMER RESORT.

Fine Fishing and Hunting—Romantic Mountain and Valley Scenery. Healthy Locality.

TERMS REASONABLE.

J. H. BIBBY,.....Proprietor

SPRING MILLS, CENTRE COUNTY, PA.
1 4vm 6t

WM. A. SANDOE,

MERCHANT TAILOR, CENTRE HALL, PA.

Desires to announce to his customers that he has lately taken instructions under W. W. Belford, of Milton, in the latest improvements in cutting, who is one of the best tailors in Penn'a, and is now able to serve customers with better fits than before.

He has also received fashion plates containing the latest styles. Also a fine lot of samples from which you can select for suits. He respectfully asks the public when in need of clothings to give him a trial. 29mary

Of Another Age.

Gradually Supplanted by a Better Article. Certain Old Things are Done Away.

In the general reception room of the Western Union Telegraph building on Broadway, New York, are exhibited the coarse, crude and clumsy instruments of the infancy of the telegraph. They are only relics now. More perfect machinery has superseded them.

Years ago what is now styled the old-fashioned porous plaster did some good service. There was then nothing better of the kind. Now all that is changed. Science and study have gone deeper into the secrets of medicine and produced BENSON'S CAPCINE POROUS PLASTER, which embodies all the excellencies thus far possible in an external remedy. The old plasters were slow—the Capcine is rapid; they were uncertain—the Capcine is sure. Cheaper articles bear similar names. Be careful, therefore, that some thrifty druggist does not deceive you. In the centre of the genuine is cut the word Capcine. Price 75 cents. Seabury and Johnson, Chemists, New York. july

FIFTY YEARS APART.

They sit in the winter gloaming,
And the fire burns brightly between;
One has passed seventy summers,
And the other just seventeen.

They rest in a happy silence
As the shadows deepen fast;
One lives in a coming future,
And one in a long, long past.

Each dreams of a rush of music,
And a question whispered low:
One will hear it this evening,
One heard it long ago.

Each dreams of a loving husband,
Whose brave heart is her's alone;
For one the joy is coming,
For one the joy has flown.

Each dreams of a life of gladness
Spent under the sunny skies;
And both the hope and the mem'ry
Shine in the happy eyes.

Who knows which dream is the brightest
And who knows which is the best?
The sorrow and joy are mingled,
But only the end is the rest.

The Parson's Daughter.

There was a great commotion in Foxville when old Parson Fox died. It was because Foxville curiosity was on the *qui vive* about Joanna, his grandchild, the sole remaining blossom on the gnarled old family tree, who was left quite unprovided for.

"I declare to goodness," said Mrs. Emmons, "I don't know what is to become of that girl!"

"She hasn't no faculty," said Sabina Sexton, the village dressmaker; "and never had."

"Books possessed no charm for her!" sighed Miss Dodge, who taught the Foxville district school. "She always cried over parsing, and I never could make her understand cube root."

"There's no denyin' that the old minister was as near a saint as we often see in this world," said Mrs. Luke Lockedge piously.

"But he hadn't ought to let Joanna run loose in the woods and fields the way he did. Why, I don't suppose she ever made a shirt or fried a batch of fritters in all her life."

"Is it true," said Miss Dodge, peering inquisitively up under her spectacle-glasses, "that she is engaged to your Simon, Mrs. Lockedge?"

Mrs. Lockedge closed her mouth, shook her head and knitted away until her needles shone like forked lightning.

"Simon's like all other young men, Miss Dodge," said she, "took by a pretty face and a pair o' dark eyes. And they sat on the same bench at school. And as long as we s'posed Parson Fox had left property, why, there wasn't no objection. But there wasn't nothing—not even a life insurance. So I've talked to Simon, and made him hear reason. There can't nobody live on air."

"But that's rather hard on Joanna, ain't it?" said Mrs. Emmons, with a little sympathetic wheeze.

"Reason is reason!" Mrs. Lockedge answered. "My Simon will have property, and the girl he marries must have somethin' to match it."

So that Joanna Fox, sitting listlessly in her black dress by the window, where the scent of honeysuckles floated sweetly in, and trying to realize that she was alone in the world, had divers and sundry visitors that day. The first was Simon Lockedge, looking as if his errand were somehow connected with grand larceny. Joanna started up, her wan face brightened. She was only sixteen—a brown-haired, brown-eyed girl with a solemn, red mouth and a round, white throat, banded with black velvet.

"Oh, Simon," she cried, "I knew you would come when you heard——"

Simon Lockedge wriggled uneasily into a seat, instead of advancing to clasp her outstretched hand.

"Yes," said he. "Of course it's very sad, Joanna, and I'm sorry for you. But——"

Joanna stood still, her face hardening into a cold, white mask, her hands falling to her side.

"Yes," said she. You were saying——"

"It's mother," guiltily confessed Simon Lockedge. "A fellow can't go against his own mother, you know. She says it's all nonsense, our engagement, and we shouldn't have anything to live on. And so, with a final effort, "we'd better consider it all over. That's the sense of the matter—now, ain't it, Joanna?"

She did not answer.

"I'm awfully sorry," stuttered Simon Lockedge. "I always set a deal of store by you, Joanna."

"Did you?" she said bitterly. "One would scarcely have thought it."

"And you know, Joanna," he added awkwardly, mindful of his mother's drill, "when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window."

Joanna smiled scornfully.

"It seems," said she, "that love doesn't always wait for that."

And she turned and walked like a young queen into the adjoining room, while Simon Lockedge, slinking 'out of the door like a detected urglar, muttered to himself—

"It's the hardest job of work I ever done in my life. But mother says it must be done, and she rules the roost in our house."

Next came Mrs. Emmons.

"Joanna," said she, "I'm deeply grieved at this 'ere affliction that's befell you."

"Thank you Mrs. Emmons," said the girl, mechanically.

"I've come to ask you about your plans," added the plump widow, "because if you have no other intentions, I'll be glad to have you help me a little with the housework. I'm goin' to have a house full o' summer boarders, and there'll be a deal more work than me and Elviry can manage. Of course you won't expect no pay, but a good home is what you need most, and ——"

"Stop a minute," said Joanna. "Am I to understand that you expect me to assume the position and duties of a servant, without a servant's wages, Mrs. Emmons?"

"You'll be a member of the family," said Mrs. Emmons. "You'll sit at the same table with me and Elviry and ——"

"I am much obliged to you," said Joanna, "but I must decline your kind offer."

And Mrs. Emmons departed in righteous wrath, audibly declaring her conviction that pride was certain, sooner or later, to have a fall.

"I have plenty of friends," said Joanna courageously, "or rather dear grandpapa had. I am sure to be provided for."

But Squire Barton looked harder than any flint when the orphan came to him.

"Something to do, Miss Fox?" said he. "Well, that's the very problem of the age—woman's work, you know; and I ain't smart enough to solve it. Copying? No, our firm don't need that sort of work. Do I know of any one that does? N-no, I can't say I do. But if I should hear of any opening I'll be sure to let you know. I am a little busy this morning, Miss Fox. Sorry I can't devote more time to you. John, the door. Good-morning, my dear Miss Fox. I assure you, you have mine and Mrs. Barton's prayers in this sad visitation of an inscrutable providence."

Old Miss Gringe, who had twenty-five thousand dollars at interest, and who had always declared that she loved dear Joanna Fox like a daughter, sent down word that she wasn't very well, and couldn't see company.

Dr. Wentworth, in visiting whose invalid daughter poor old parson Fox had contracted the illness which carried him to his grave, was brusque and short. He was sorry for Miss Joanna, of course, but he didn't know of any way in which he could be useful. He understood there was a kind of glove factory to be opened on Walling river soon. "No doubt Miss Fox could get a place there. Or there would be no objection to her going out to domestic service. There was a great deal of false sentiment on this subject, and he thought——"

But Joanna, without waiting for the result of his cogitation, excused herself. She would detain him no longer, she said. And she went away with flaming cheeks and resolutely repressed tears. When she arrived home she found one of the trustees of the church awaiting her. He didn't wish to hurry her, he said, but the new clergyman didn't want to live in such a ruinous old place. It was their calculation, as the parsonage was mortgaged much beyond its real value, to sell it out, and buy a new house, with all the modern conveniences for the use of the Rev. Silas Speakwell.

"Am I to be turned out of my home?" said Joanna, indignantly.

Deacon Blydenburg hemmed and hawed. He didn't want to hurt anyone's feelings, but as to her home, it was well known that to all intents and purposes the old place had long ago passed out of Parson Fox's ownership. They were willing to accord her any reasonable length of time to pack up and take leave of her friends—say a week.

So Joanna, who could think of no remaining friend but her old governess, who had long ago gone to New York to fight the great world for herself, went down to the city, and appealed to Miss Woodin in her extremity. Miss Woodin cried over her, and kissed her, and caressed her like an old maiden aunt.

"What am I to do?" said poor, pale Joanna. "I can't starve."

"There's no necessity for any one starving in this great busy world," said Miss Woodin, cheerfully. "All one wants is faculty."

Joanna shrank a little from the hard word, which she had so often heard from the lips of Mrs. Emmons, Miss Sabina Sexton and that sisterhood.

"But how do you live?" said she.

"Do you see that thing there in the corner?" said Miss Woodin.

"Yes," answered Joanna. "Is it a sewing-machine?"

"It's a tyye-writer," announced Miss Woodin. "And I earn my living on it."

"But what do you write" inquired Joanna.

"Anything I can get," answered Miss Woodin.

And thus in the heart of the great wilderness of New York Joanna commenced her pilgrimage of toil. First on the type-writer, then promoted to a compiler's desk in the "Fashion Department of a prominent weekly journal. Then, by means of a striking, original sketch, slipped into the letter-box of the *Ladies' Weekly* with fear and trembling, to a place on the contributor's list. Then gradually rising to the rank of a spirited young novelist, until our village damsel had her pretty rooms furnished like a miniature palace, with Miss Woodin and her type-writer snugly installed in one corner.

"Because I owe everything to her," said the young authoress, gratefully.

And one day, glancing over the exchanges in the sanctum of the *Ladies' Weekly*, to whose columns she still contributed, she came across a copy of the *Foxville Gazette*.

"Hester," she said, hurrying home to Miss Woodin, "the old parsonage is to be sold at auction to-morrow, and I mean to go up and buy it. For I am quite—quite sure that I could write there better than anywhere else in the world."

Miss Woodin agreed with Joanna. In her eyes, the successful young writer was always right. So Joanna and Miss Woodin, dressed in black and closely veiled, went up to Foxville to attend the sale. Everybody was there. They didn't have an auction at Foxville every day in the week. 'Squire Barton was there, with a vague idea of purchasing the old place for a public garden.

"It would be attractive," said 'Squire Barton. "These open-air concert-gardens are making no end of money in the cities. I don't see why the Germans need pocket all the money that there is going."

Miss Dodge, who had saved a little money, thought that if the place went cheap she would pay down a part, and give a mortgage for the remainder.

"And my sister could keep boarders," she considered, "and I could always have a home there."

But Simon Lockedge was most determined of all to have the old parsonage for his own.

"I could fix it up," said he to himself, and live there real comfortable. It's a dreadful pretty location, and I'm bound to have it—especially since mother's investments have turned out bad, and we've got to sell the old farm. Nothing hasn't gone right with me since I broke off with the old parson's granddaughter. It wasn't quite the square thing to do, but there seemed no other way. But, let mother say what she will, it brought bad luck to us."

And the rustic crowd surged in and out, and the auctioneer mounted to his platform, and the bidding began at two thousand five hundred dollars, and "hung fire" for some time.

"Three thousand!" said cautious Simon at last.

"Four thousand!" peeped Miss Dodge faintly.

"Five thousand!" said Simon, resolutely.

"Seven thousand!" uttered the voice of a veiled lady in the corner.

Every one stared in that direction.

"'Tain't worth that," said Squire Barton. "All run down—fences gone to nothing."

But Simon Lockedge wanted it very much.

"Nine thousand!" said he, slowly and unwillingly.

"Twelve thousand!" spoke the soft voice decidedly.

"Twelve thousand dollars!" bawled the auctioneer. "I'm offered twelve thousand dollars for this property.

"Twelve thousand—twelve—twelve—twelve! Twelve thousand, once—twelve thousand twice—twelve thousand three times, and gone! What name, ma'am, if you please?" he asked.

And the lady, throwing aside her veil, answered—

"Joanna Fox."

The old personage was rebuilt, and studded with little bay-windows and mediæval porches. Laurels and rhododendrons were set out in the grounds; and Joanna Fox and Miss Woodin came there to live in modest comfort.

But Mrs. Lockedge and her son Simon moved out of Foxville when the mortgage on the old place was foreclosed, and the places that had known them once knew them no more.

And Mrs. Emmons said—

"She's done real well, Joanna has. I always knew there was something in her?"

And Mrs. Wentworth, and the Misses Barton tried desperately to become intimate with the young authoress, but without avail.

Proffered Service: Costermonger (to swell who has asked his way): "Well, can't exactly direct you, governor; but if you'll jump into my barrer I'll drive you there."

For Our Better Halves.

Extended Notes But Important.

COTTON COSTUMES.

The pompadour designs, so much liked for foulards and sateens, are extensively copied in the cheaper calicoes and percales, which every year grow prettier. Even the five cent calicoes are remarkable for beauty and delicacy of coloring, though these are, of course, limited in variety, and appear mostly in dots and specks, tiny flowers and broken lines. Eight cents gives a wider choice and better quality, while the percale and American sateen finished prints, which sell for twelve and a half cents, are in all the charming floral and window glass patterns first introduced for sateens, and some also, many of them, with solid colors for combination suits. Polka dots and rings, shells and lozenges, Kate Greenway figures, animal's heads, all sorts of quaint and pretty designs abound, and ladies who like these inexpensive cotton gowns may indulge in them to any extent.

Wrappers are once more favorite garments for home wear, and very tasteful, cool, clean looking matinees are made of the cheap prints, with tiny spots or larger polka dots on a white ground. Ladies who object to loose wrappers, and young ladies who do not wear them, make instead these simple morning dresses with a short round skirt, with a single deep flounce or two narrow ones, and a long half-fitting sacque edged with a ruffle and worn with or without a belt. The fancy for ginghams is an established one, and plaids, stripes and checks are all shown. Gay Madras plaids are more popular than last season, still many ladies prefer small checks and plaids in less brilliant colorings.

PRETTY ZEPHYR GINGHAMS.

Very pretty zephyr ginghams come in robes with plain material for the overdress and stripes for the skirt. These are put up in boxes, and are accompanied by a plate to show the manner of making. Polanaises are much worn for such suits, still many ginghams are made up in what may well be called the standard style for wash dresses viz., a short round skirt with one, two or three flounces at the foot, a long, round overskirt draped by means of tapes run in casings into a short wrinkled apron in front, and falling in full, soft puffs at the back. The bodice for the dress may be either a round, full waist with a belt, a pleated blouse, or, what is the favorite style, a basque with coat-tail, the sides sloped on the hips and pointed front. The tastes for crinilated edges, i. e., edges cut into tabs or points, reaches to ginghams, and some very effective dresses have Jersey basques with the edges cut out and bound with solid colored ginghams, while overskirts and flounces are finished to match. One of the laws of fashion is that the lower skirt must be trimmed to match the overskirt—it is no longer in good taste to put lace or embroidery on the overskirts and plain, flounces on the under; the latter must also be edged with the trimming. The dress should, however, always have a narrow ruffle with plainly hemmed edge set at the foot under the flounce, in order to protect the lace or embroidery thereon.

White nainsooks and Victoria lawns are of many kinds, from the plainly made dress with tucks for the sole trimming to the elaborate robes made almost entirely of embroidery, or trimmed with Oriental, Russian, or Medicis lace by the piece.

Æsthetic costumes, with round shirred waists, full puffed sleeves and plain round skirt, formed of a single deep embroidered flounce are liked for young ladies and misses.

TWO KINDS OF HANDSOME DRESSES.

The handsomest white dresses are either almost entirely composed of lace, or else are all of the new open-work embroideries, with barely enough plain material to hold them together. Our best dressmakers make the basques, cut from embroidery by the yard, with the seams cut close and button-holed over on the wrong side. The embroidery edging the basque is joined on in the same manner, and great care is taken to match the figures so that the effect is given of a basque formed of a single piece of needlework. The apron overdress is of the solid embroidery, and the skirt is covered with flowers to match. Very elegant dresses are of fine mull, or sheer nainsook, almost covered with Oriental lace frills, and with draperies of Oriental lace net. Pompadour lace, the new lace with raised flowers, is very beautiful for such dresses.

Embroidered batistes, with Irish point or guipure patterns in wide borders for draperies and basque, and deep flounces to match, are again imported and find great favor with ladies who can afford them.

Ribbons are used in profusion, both in many bows of narrow ribbon and broad sashes.

The most fashionable of the white toilets worn this summer, instead of being relieved by the usual colors of rose-color, blue, or mauve, will be enlivened by the newer shades of French terra-cotta, tea-rose, shrimp pink, and the like, and a leading toilet will be one of white nun's veiling or vigogne, with broad sash and other satin ribbon trimmings of pale primrose yellow, with primroses in the corsage and hair, and necklace and chatelaine of amber beans.

One lovely sateen has tambourines decked with wheat ears, poppies and ribbon bows in bright coloring on a pale blue ground. Nautilus shells, animals' heads, stained glass patterns covering the whole ground, balls, rings, and a host of other quaint and pretty fancies are seen. In buying a suit of sateen or foulard, it is well to purchase two or three yards extra for a parasol to match. These will be made to order by any dealer in parasols, and the handle may be selected to choice, or an old parasol frame, if one be on hand, can be used, thus lessening the cost considerably.

Exceedingly pretty sateens are in solid color, pale blue, pink, cream, etc., embroidered in openwork designs of white needle work. These make lovely dresses for afternoon wear at watering places.

THE FAVORITE GLOVES.

There has never been a time when fashionable people were so independent in the matter of gloves as now. Some leaders of fashion wear gloves in mousquetaire style of twenty-button length, while others use four-buttoned gloves, and still others leave their soft, white, carefully-kept hands bare for opera, ball or reception. Four-button length gloves are usually worn with tailor-made costumes and jersey jackets, still many ladies prefer for street wear mousquetaire gloves worn over the tight jersey or cloth sleeves. Mousquetaires for the treet are generally chosen in from six to eight-button lengths. Pale, shadowy shades of gray, French grays and slate colors in all shades, from a blue slate-color to a dark Russia gray, are in demand this season with ladies of refined taste. Yellow shades in gloves continue to be popular, and are shown in the favorite Fedora yellow tint or crude gold color, in red mandarin orange hues and in all shades of dead-leaf yellow, shading into dark. Autumn brown shades in gloves are shown in a variety of stylish neutral tints, which may be elegantly worn with any costume or color.

Terra-cotta in dark and medium shades is a very fashionable color for gloves, and may be worn with almost any color. Following the fancy for black stockings, black gloves are worn with light dresses, and are in good form on all occasions. It is always in good taste to have stockings and gloves to match for evening toilets where the low shoe shows the hose, and the dress front if slightly short.

THE MOUSQUETAIRE GLOVES.

Letters from Paris say that mousquetaire gloves are going out of fashion for full dress; here, however, they continue all the rage. Very good pig-skin mousquetaires are sold in quite a number of colors for fifty cents a pair for six-button lengths, and are consequently in great demand for ordinary wear. Ladies' long taffeta gloves in from eight to ten button lengths are shown with Jersey tops or in mousquetaire style in all the new stylish hues of the season. Long taffeta gloves to wear over the dress sleeves in fourteen-button length are imported in black, tan-color, strawberry pink, strawberry red, metallic red and white.

Lisle thread gloves are imported this season in all colors, with long Jersey wrists in open lace pattern or with plain tops. These gloves are shown in moss greens, drab browns, golden browns, copper colors, strawberry red hues, tobacco browns, old buff tints, shrimp pink, electric blue and black, and are sold in from six to eight buttons lengths. Silk mitts will be again worn this summer in plain solid silk in black and all the stylish new shades of the season.

Too Much Sleep.

The effects of too much sleep are not less signal than those arising from its privation. The whole nervous system becomes blunted, so that the muscular energy is enfeebled and the sensations and moral intellectual manifestations are obtunded. All the bad effects of inaction become developed; the memory is impaired, the powers of imagination are dormant, and the mind falls into a kind of heptitude, chiefly because the functions of the intellect are not sufficiently exerted, when sleep is too prolonged or too often repeated. To sleep much is not necessarily to be a good sleeper. Generally they are the poorest sleepers who remain longest in bed; *i. e.*, they awaken less refreshed than if the time of rising were earlier by an hour or two. We commend this to those who cry "a little more sleep and a little more slumber."

Salt liberally sprinkled over a carpet before sweeping will absorb the dust and dirt, and bring out the colors as fresh as new.

The Dispensary.

THE PERIOD OF INCUBATION OF MEASLES.—Dr. W. E. Green to the *Brit. Med. Journ.*, April 7, 1883, corroborating the statements of Mr. Vacher, and citing many illustrations to prove that the period of incubation in measles is fourteen days.

COFFEE IN TYPHOID FEVER.—Recently Dr. Guillassee, of the French Navy, has given coffee in the stage of typhoid fever with marked success. Three teaspoonfuls were given adults every two hours, alternating with one or two teaspoonfuls of claret Burgundy wine. A beneficial result was immediately apparent.

NATURE OF DISEASES OF THE HEART.—The *Medical Times and Gazette* says:—M. Martin, in an elaborate paper on the pathogeny of heart diseases, in a recent issue of the *Revue de Medecine*, divides all heart affections into two groups, those of valvular origin. These groups resemble each other in that each has an acute and a chronic stage, the latter being almost always a consequence of the former; in both groups, too, the original lesion—whether it has a chief valvular focus, or whether it depends upon a number of minute vascular foci—may be the starting-point of a two-fold inflammatory process, partly intestinal. The former process is always compensatory. As regards the latter, whether the process has commenced in one of the valves and spread thence to the muscular wall of the heart, or whether it has commenced as a pariarterial lesion, is a matter of little moment, for the ultimate result is the same, viz., diminution of the power of the heart, and finally asystolism. But, granting that no hard and fast line can be drawn between the two groups, or even that ultimately it should be shown that all lesions of the heart have their origin in some vascular change, stil M. Martin thinks that his proposed classification might be retained with advantage, as corresponding with unquestionable differences in the etiology and mode of evolution of these changes.

ATROPINE FOR EARACHE.—The Boston *Journal of Chemistry* says that Dr. A. D. Williams recommends its use as follows:—The solution is to be simply dropped into the painful ear, and allowed to remain there from ten to fifteen minutes. Then it is made to run out by turning the head over, then being wiped with a dry rag. The solution may be warmed to prevent shock. From three to five drops should be used at a time. The strength of the solution must vary according to the age of the child. Under three years one grain to the ounce, and over ten years four grains to the ounce of water. In adults almost any strength may be used. All ages will bear a stronger solution in the ear than in the eye. The application should be repeated as often as may be necessary. Usually a few applications will stop the pain. In acute suppurative inflammation of the middle ear, and acute inflammation of the external meatus, atropine will only slightly palliate the suffering, but in the recurring nocturnal earaches of children it is practically a specific.

Scraps.

The Whitehall *Times* asks: "If Necessity is the mother of invention, will some sharp paragraphist please inform us who the father is?" Why, the husband of Mrs. Necessity, of course. Isn't this a-parent enough?

"Circumstances alter cases," said a lawyer to his client, after losing his fourth lawsuit. "Cases alter circumstances," savagely replied the client. "By your management of my cases my circumstances have been nearly ruined."

An English paper exultingly exclaims that the Turks appear to know how to make capital use of their improved arms. Recent events induce the belief that they know how to use their legs, too.

The newest collar is called "Safety." It is so named from the fact that it is high enough for a man who wears one to crawl up behind it and hide when his wife steps to the office to inquire whether he mailed her letters.

At the French Assembly 7.15 P. M.: Speaker (aside to member): "For heaven's sake finish your speech! I give a dinner-party to-night." Member (aside to Speaker): "I know it. Another time you'll invite me."

A printer's devil propounds the following: "What is the difference between a thirty-dollar-a-week position at the 'case' and the chief of the Sioux?" Ans.: "One is a bully 'set,' and the other is a Sitting Bull."

When a woman comes to the door and calls after her husband, "Hen-R-E-E"—finishing the last syllable in capital letters—you may know that she is not in a capital humor.

An exchange remarks that "some people are wholly unable to appreciate delicate irony." We have observed this ourselves, particularly in the case of washerwomen and shirt bosoms.

ONE VIEW OF MARRIAGE.

I must give up my billiards, my beer and cigars—
Never think about matinees, races or bars,
And make my small income in some manner do,
To furnish food, clothing, et cetra, for two.
The girl may be pretty and loving, I grant—
Perhaps she can cook, but more likely she can't;
She may play the piano for "all that it's worth,"
But as for her washing—why, heavens and earth!
No marriage for me, it's too much of a sham:
I think I am far better off as I am.

ANOTHER VIEW.

I'm weary of bachelor's life, I declare,
Of a little hall bedroom and boarding-house fare;
No pleasant companionship, nothing at all;
I long for a home, be it ever so small—
For a home and a wife who is cheerful and bright,
If "union is strength," why, my notions are right.
My wages are small, but I think they will do,
With a little economy, nicely for two.
I've my eyes on a girl, and I'll ask her—that's flat.
So off with my slippers, and ho! for my hat!

Beauty and Extravagance.

Do women look prettier for all this increased expenditure? Oldish men say, "Ah, there are no pretty girls now, such as there were when I was a young fellow." Young men say, "What guys women made of themselves before the present style of dress came in." The truth is, probably, that a pretty woman charms in any dress, not because of it, but frequently in spite of it; while a plain woman is often enough stylish in her get-up, taking especial trouble to be perfectly correct in details since she cannot hope successfully to compete in point of looks. Extravagance, then, is by no means necessary to the setting off of beauty, and as for the common excuse, that lavish expenditure is good for trade, it furnishes a knife that cuts both ways.

If expenses increase in one direction they must necessarily be limited in another; and if one set of tradesmen get the Benjamin portion of a man's income (through his wife and daughters), some other sets obtain less than they otherwise would. There were of course, extravagant women in the days of crinoline and back chair, but their very extravagance would now almost be considered as economy. As compared with the powers of spending money of a woman of to-day, it was "as moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine." With all these blue, yellow and scarlet ribbons for temperance in drink, will no one start a white ribbon for temperance in costume? It might be at first difficult to obtain recruits, but there certainly are a few women of England who have been secretly hoping for a backward tide in the flow of present extravagance, and who would gladly hail the initiation of far different state of things—a reaction in favor of simplicity and a purer taste.

Of Charlotte ex-Empress of Mexico an exchange says: "Her splendid black hair has whitened, but her health is good, and she has recovered from the attack of madness which followed her being told of the execution of Maximilian. She is very fond of music, spending many hours in playing duets with one of her ladies of honor, and also shows much interest in her garden. When the weather is fine she walks a great deal in the park surrounding her Chateau de Vouchant, and plays with a dog which the Queen of the Belgians one day rescued from some boys who were tormenting it, and gave it to her sister-in-law."

Religious Sentiment.

When there is alarm lest the foundations will be shaken, because old traditional views are proved incorrect, it is wise to listen to the words of those who have earned a right to speak. "To me," says Prof. James D. Dana, "the first chapter of Genesis is greatly illumined by the revelations which science has made. I see nothing in modern developments to shake my faith in its inspired announcement rightly interpreted, or in any of the essential truths taught in the Bible.—*Golden Rule.*

"I AM WRONG."—Let any one try it, and he will find that so say in earnest, "I am wrong," is the most difficult speech he can make. And yet, it is the noblest of all. Very often, indeed, it is true that any one of us, and t always shows that we know ourelves. It is the only possible road to take to produce an amendment of life. No man can reform while under the conviction that his deeds were virtuous rather than vicious. It is only a conscious sinner that can become a penitent one. The proofs around us and within us that we err, are as manifold as the variety of ways that proof can be made. To acknowledge is the first and most necessary step; to amend will follow as effect follows cause. The prayers offered confessing our sins are innumerable, but God alone knows how few confessions are made in the heart.

SILENCE.—Silence has a kindly influence when rightly used. What an incalculable portion of domestic strife and dissension might have been prevented. How often the quarrel, which, by mutual aggravation, has perhaps terminated in bloodshed, might have been checked in its commencement by a well timed and judicions silence! Those persons only who have experienced it are aware of the beneficial effects of that forbearance which to the exasperating threat, the malicious sneer, or the unjustly imputed culpability, shall answer never a word. And there are not wanting instances were the reputation, the fortune, the happiness, nay, the life of a fellow-creature might be preserved by a charitable silence either by the suppression of some condemning circumstances, or by refusing to unite in the defamatory allegations. In silence, too, there is safety always.

COMFORT IN SICKNESS.—A minister in Dublin, some years ago, made a call on one of his flock, a lady, who was feeble and rather desponding. When asked very tenderly about herself, her reply was, "Weak—oh, so very weak!" And then she added, that she had been that day much troubled in mind because she had found it impossible to govern her thoughts in meditation and prayer, so much so, that "She had kept *going over and over the same thing again and again.*" "My dear friend," replied the pastor, "there is provision in the gospel for you here. Our Lord Jesus Christ, when his soul was exceedingly sorrowful, three times prayed, and spoke *the same words.*" In a moment her face was lightened up. Her trouble was gone. In similar circumstances, Dr. Stoughton, of London, entered the room of one sinking under pulmonary disease. "How are you feeling to day?" "Weak—oh, so very weak!" He looked at her pale, sad face, and with half a smile on his own face, repeated the first two lines of a hymn well-known to ker:

"When I am weak, then I am strong:
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song."

The effect was remarkable. Her countenace changed, lighted up with a gladness that never left it, but shone from it even in death.

"I am useless now—quite laid aside," said a devoted Christian man in a time of sickness to a friend who came hoping to speak a word in season. The sick man was calm and patient. The words of his friend, however, seemed to aid him in no way, till, in going away, he said with true feeling, "You think you lie there useless; but the sight of you, to-day, has taught me what will send me on my way with stronger faith and confidence." The idea of having helped another at once touched a chord in the heart of the sick believer who was left in his chamber with his cup brimming over.

After Two Centuries and a Half.

Few more unlikely repositories of a love token, or tender pledge of the affections, would suggest themselves, one would say, to even the most inquisitive collector of such relics than, let us say, a chimney cowl, or the foundation stone of an Asylum for Incurable Tricyclists. Yet a lock of hair once bestowed by some generous maid upon a too-secretive lover has recently been discovered in a locality far more wildly improbable than either of those indicated above. A few weeks ago, upon the farm of one Siam Evans, near Bethel, Oregon, (Eng.), an oak tree, three feet six inches in diameter, was felled, and sawn up into planks. One of these in due course found its way to a carpenter's shop, where it attracted attention by an odd-looking branch-like knot traversing its substance. This knot, excised from the plank out of sheer curiosity by one of the workmen, proved to be a hollow peg or yew, containing a lock of bright red hair, to which, as the objects "in amber" referred to by Pope in his epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, were pecularly applicable, the lines: "The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare, but wonder how the devil they got there!" Further investigation demonstrated that a hole had been bored into the trunk of the oak tree with an inch auger, and that the plug of yew freighted with love's gift, had been driven into the aperture thus prepared for its reception. In the course of time the wound inflicted upon the tree had healed over the plug so effectually that the portion of the trunk under which the ruddy lock lay concealed exhibited no fewer than two hundred and fifty "rings," each one representing a year's growth of the brave old oak, chosen A. D. 1632 by some careful swain as the hiding-place of his mistress's ringlet. The difficulty of keeping a secret forever has seldom been more quaintly illustrated than by the accident that this heart of oak has been compelled to yield up its charge after preserving it so rigorously throughout two centuries and a half.

A loamy soil, with a loose gravelly sub-soil through which the surplus water easily drains away, may be deeply plowed with good effect, or at any rate without the injurious results which follow the practice of the deep plowing on stiff clayey soil.

Monstrosities.

Authenticated Cases Which Make the Siamese Twins Appear Normal.

"He is a very devil in royal skin," was a remark made of Henry VIII when he procured a divvorce from Anne Boleyn, but the majority of readers of English history are unaware of the fact that, although considered the most beautiful woman of her day, she had congenial deformities. There were six toes on each foot, and she had three breasts in a straight line across her chest, and with these deformities her royal spouse became disgusted to such a degree that he procured a divorce from her. There are numerous cases of this deformity recorded. One, three, four, five and even more breasts have been reported as belonging to one individual. These supernumeraries are sometimes in a straight line with the normal ones—again, under the arm or on the hips. Several cases where they were on the back, and in one or two cases they are reported as forming diamond and tri angular shapes. There is one case recorded where the female had eight breasts—four on each side.

Many of the numerous cases of deformity reported surpass belief. There was a monster at the Court of St. James, who was 28 years of age at the time the observation was taken. He was perfect in every way but one. He possessed two heads—one of which was very smart and the other very stupid; the stupid one kept him in so much trouble that all his time was spent in allowing his smart one to get him out of the scrapes his other head had caused. His stupid head died a short time after this report, and the whole man lived for ten days after, until, the dead head had almost separated from the body by decomposition. Valentine and Horne relate the case of a child in Bengal who was the unlucky possessor of two heads. In this case the heads were placed one on top of the other, and joined very closely together. They were both perfect in formation. Sometimes one of the heads would be asleep and the other awake. If the hair of one head were pulled, the other head would cry; if one mouth were fed, the other mouth would water and show evident signs of satiation. The monstrosity lived for four years, and was in the best of health at the time of its death, which was caused by the bite of a viper. Winston tells of an Italian child 8 years of age who carried a little head under its right arm, which little head peeped out, giving one the impression that the body of the little head was buried in the somewhat larger body of its bearer. The little head was christened Mathew and the larger one was christened James. If little Matthew's ear was pinched James roared, but at all times little Matthew was under the impression that he was in reality the only protection that James had. The last report of this double boy says he was in perfect health.

A story is told of a Moor in Tunis, 30 years of age, whose head was so large that a crowd always followed him on the street. His mouth was so capacious that he could place a muskmelon in it as easily as the small boy of to-day could a cherry. He was four feet four inches in height, and the distance from his chin to the top of his head was twenty-three inches—over one-third his height. Benventi saw a lad well proportioned as to his head. At the age of 7 the head began to grow rapidly, so that when he was 27 years old his face and his head were fifteen inches long and thirty-eight inches in circumference. The number of double children presenting far more astonishing features than the well-known Siamese twins is large. Buffon relates the history of two girls who were joined at their abdomens.

At 6 years the little blonde, Helena, became paralyzed. The taller brunette, Judith, then carried her around for sixteen years. They had small-pox and measles in common. Other diseases they had independently of each other. At 22 Helena died of fever, and Judith a few minutes after. A post-mortem examination revealed the fact that they could not have been separated. Judith, who was a very beautiful girl, had a lover when she was 18, who tried for a long time to persuade her to marry him in spite of the load she was doomed to carry through life. "Every lassie has her laddie," but there is no mention of a lover for poor Helena.

Munster tells of two girls attached at the forehead. At the age of 11 one died, and the operation for separation killed the other. Cases of pairs joined at the back of the head, at the back, and in every conceivable way may be found without number. The double-headd child of Oxford, England, attracted considerable attention. It lived for some time. The peculiar feature was that one head possessed a bright, smiling, contented countenance, and the other a dark, scowling and dejected one. It also had four arms. The rest of the body was natural. The deformity was christened Martha and Mary. Liceti, another authority, tells of a case in which a child had a natural body and lower extremities, but possessed seven heads and seven arms, and lived about a week. An odd story is told of the old surgeon Zuliomtius, who had performed the operation of making an artificial nose for a man. The material used was procured from a hog. The operation was a success. A child born to him about one year after had an unmistakable hog's nose, and a short time after the old hog was killed, when both the old man's nose and that of his child rotted away. This apocryphal story is told, no doubt, to illustrate an old superstition. There is an odd case reported of a man in the prime of life who surprised the physician he consulted by telling him he had never been sick, had never taken medicine, and had called out of curiosity, because he felt a little out of sorts. This man had a large cup-shaped piece of clothing made of some solid substance, which he said he wore to protect a part that was very tender. On examination it proved to be his heart, which was literally on the outside of his body. He had protected it instinctively, and had caused him no trouble. A case mentioned in one of the late medical works is that of a wood-chopper who met with an accident that laid open his stomach. He was fed through this hole, the food being simply placed in the stomach, where the process of digestion could be watched at ease. He was of wonderful assistance to physiology undoubtedly, and his general health did not seem to be impaired by this unnatuarl manner of feeding. The half-crazy quarryman who had a crowbar driven through his head recovered, and became a Justice of the Peace. One of the most wonderful authenticated cases of artificial deformity is that of a Frenchman, who had the entire skull cap removed for some disease of the brain. He recovered and adopted the profession of a beggar. His stock in trade was allowing givers to produce physiological experiments by pressure on his brain. The fee was deposited in his cup—which cup was the top of his own skull.

Home Economies.

Copperas mixed with whitewash upon the cellar walls keeps vermin away.

Drain pipes and all places that are sour or impure may be cleansed with lime water, copperas water or carbolic acid.

Good fires should be kept up during house cleaning time, even though the doors and windows be kept open.

Excellent shampoo is made of salts of tartar, white castle soap, bay rum and lukewarm water. The salts will remove all dandruff, the soap will soften the hair and clean it thoroughly, and the bay rum will prevent taking cold.

The reason why cabbage emits such a disagreeable smell when boiling is because the process dissolves the essential oil The water should be changed when the cabbage is half cooked, and it will thus acquire greater sweetness.

To extract ink from cotton, silk or woolen goods, dip the spots in spirits of turpentine and let remain for several hours; then rub thoroughly between the hands, and it will all disappear without changing either the color or texture of the fabric.

A bottle of aqua ammonia is invaluable to the housekeeper. A spoonful put in the iron pans and kettles in which meat and vegetables have been cooked will remove all grease, and make the cleansing of these a very easy operation. One of the best washing fluids is made by mixing equal parts of turpentine and ammonia. This fluid makes rubbing almost unnecessary, while it whitens the clothes without rotting them. House plants are very much stimulated by giving them water which contains a small quantity of ammonia. Two spoonfuls to a quart of water are sufficient.

Women.

A Boston lady takes thirty babies and their mothers to a seaside hotel every summer for one month.

The empress Eugenie in her palmy days ate an onion at six o'clock every morning to preserve her complexion.

When Queen Elizabeth died twenty-seven fans were found in her wardrobe. One of them was valued at £400; the handle was covered with diamonds.

In New Orleans lives a woman who went through the civil war on the confederate side, and was promoted to a lieutenancy before she was discovered.

"I would like scalloped oysters," she remarked. He answered, meaning to be funny, "I don't know how to scallop oysters." "Then bias some," said she.

In the east lives a girl who is learning the blacksmith trade. She says it may come in good some day, and she does not like dress-making and other tame occupations.

A Rockford, Alabama, girl gets up in her sleep, and goes out into the backyard and chops wood. Her father regrets her somnambulism, but he always leaves the axe handy.

How Marbles are Made.

Marbles are known from the Latin word "marmor;" by which similar playthings were known to the boys of Rome two thousand years ago. Some marbles are made of potters' clay, and baked in an oven just like earthenware is baked but most of them are made of a hard kind of stone found in Saxony, Germany. Marbles are manufactured in great numbers, and sent to all parts of the world, and even to China, for the use of the Chinese children. The stone is broken up with a hammer into little square pieces, which are then ground round in a mill. The mill has a fixed slab of stone, with its surface full of grooves or furrows. Above this a flat block of oak wood, of the same size as the stone is made to turn rapidly around, and while turning, little streams of water run in the grooves and keep the mill from getting too hot. About one hundred of the square pieces of stone are put into the grooves at once, and in a few minutes are made round and polished by the wooden block.

China and white marbles also are used to make the round rollers which have delighted the hearts of the boys of all nations for hundreds of years. Marbles thus made are known to the boys as "Chinas" or "alleys." Real chinas are made of porcelain clay, and baked like chinaware or other pottery. Some of them have a pearly glaze, and some of them are painted in various colors that will not rub off, because they are baked in, just as the pictures on plates and other tableware.

Glass marbles are known as "agates." They are both made of clear and colored glass. The former are made by taking up a little melted glass upon the end of an iron rod, and making it round by dropping it into an iron mould, which shapes it, or by whirling it around the head until the glass is made into a little ball. Sometimes the figure of a dog or a squirrel or a kitten, or some other object, is placed on the end of the rod, and when it is dipped in the melted glass the glass flows all around it, and when the marble is done the animal can be seen shut up in it. Colored glass marbles are made by holding a bunch of glass rods in the fire until they melt, then the workman twists them round into a ball or presses them in a mould, so that when done the marble is marked with bands or ribbons of color. Real agates, which are the nicest of all marbles, are made in Germany, out of the stone called agate. The workmen chip the pieces of agate nearly round with hammers, and then grind them round and smooth on grindstones.

Scientific.

A SURE REMEDY FOR A FELON.—Take a pint of common soft soap, and stir in air-slacked lime till it is of the consistency of glazier's putty. Make a leather thimble, fill it with this composition and insert the finger therein, and a cure is certain.

IMPROVED MORTAR.—Sawdust it is said by some one to be better than hair in protecting rough cast from peeling and scaling under the influences of frost and weather. The sawdust should be first dried and then thoroughly sifted, in order to remove the coarser particles. A mixture is then made of two parts sawdust, five parts sharp sand, and one part cement, which should be thoroughly stirred together and then incorporated with two parts of lime.

A paste of equal parts of sifted ashes, clay and salt and a little water cements cracks in stoves and ovens.

In the opinion of the *Scientific American* there is a possibility that the wonderful comet of 1812 may make its reappearance before the year closes.

More than twelve months ago a perpetual clock was started at Brussels. An up draught is obtained in a tube or shaft by exposing it to the sun; this draught turns a fan, which winds up the weight of the clock until it reaches the top, when it actuates a brake that stops the fan, but leaves it free to start again after the weight has gone down a little. This clock was keeping good time in June, after running continuously for nine months.

HOW THE HUMAN ORGANISM PROTECTS ITSELF.—The organism of the human body is a self-regulating apparratus. Every interruption of its normal functions excites a reaction against the disturbing cause. If a grain of caustic potash irritates the nerves of the palate, the salivary glands try to remove it by an increased secretion. The eye would wash it off by an immeate flow of tears. A larger quantity of the same substance could be swallowed only under the protest of the fauces, and the digestive organs would soon find means to eject it. The bronchial tubes promptly react against the obtrusion of foreign substances. The sting of an insect causes an involuntary twitching of the epidermis. If a thorn or splinter fastens itself under the skin, suppuration prepares the way for its removal. If the stomach is overloaded with food it revolts against further ingestion.

These automatic agencies of the organism generally suffice to counteract the disturbing cause, and the sensory symptoms accompanying the process of reconstruction constitute merely a plea for non-interference. The suppurating tissues push the thorn outward, and resent only a pressure in the opposite direction. The eye volunteers to rid itself of sand dust, but remonstrates against friction. The rum-soaked system of the toper undertakes to eliminate the poison, and only asks that the consequences of the outrage be not aggravated by its repetition. But if that plea remains unheeded, it finally takes the form of the emphatic protest called *disease.* For, even in its urgent manifestations, the reaction against a violation of nature's health-laws, it is a cry for peace rather than a petition for active assistance in the form of medication. "Accustom yourself in all your little pains and aches," says Dr. Jennings, "and also in your grave and more distressing affections, to regard the movement concerned in them in a friendly aspect—designed for and tending to the removal of a difficulty of whose existence you were before unaware, and which, if suffered to remain and accummulate, might prove the destruction of the house you live in—and that instead of its needing to be 'cured,' it is itself a curative operation; and that what should be called *disease* lies back of the symptoms which, in fact, are made for the express purpose of removing the real disorder or difficulty."

Snakes as Family Pets.

The following interesting observation on the intelligence of snakes shows, not only that these animals are well able to distinguish persons, but also that they possess an intensity of amiable emotion scarcely to be expected in this class. A writer to the London *Times* thus describes the behavior of some pet snakes kept by a gentleman and a lady of his acquaintance:

"Mr. M——, after we had talked for a little time, asked if I had any fear of snakes; and after a timid 'No, not very,' from me, he produced out of a cupboard a large boa-constrictor, a phython and several small snakes, which at once made themselves at home on the writing table, among pens, ink and books. I was at first a good deal startled, especially when the two large snakes coiled round and round my friend, and began to notice me with their bright eyes and forked tongues; but finding how tame they were I ceased to feel frightened. After a short time Mr. M—— expressed a wish to call Mrs. ——, and left me with the boa deposited on an arm chair. I felt a little queer when the animal began gradually to come near, but the entrance of my host and hostess, followed by two charming little children, put me at my ease again. After the first interchange of civilities, she and the children went at once to the boa, and, calling it by the most endearing names, allowed it to twine itself most gracefully round about them. I sat for a long time, lost in wonder at the picture before me. Two beautiful girls and their charming mother sat before me with a boa-constrictor (as thick as a small tree) twining playfully round the lady's waist and neck, and forming a kind of turban round her head, expecting to be petted and made much of like a kitten. The children, over and over again, took its head in their hands and kissed its mouth, pushing aside its forked tongue in doing so. The animal seemed much pleased, but kept turning its head continually toward me with a curious gaze, until I allowed it to nestle its head a moment, up my sleeve. Nothing could be prettier than to see this splendid serpent coiled all around Mrs. M—— while she moved about the room and when she stood to pour out our coffee. He seemed to adjust his weight so nicely, and every coil with its beautiful marking was relieved by the black velvet dress of the lady. It was long before I could make up my mind to end the visit.

Idleness.

Jane Rice was a very idle girl; she liked to spend all her time at play.

One day, as she went to school, she saw a little bee among the flowers. "Pretty bee," said she, "come and play with me."

"No," said the bee "I have no time to play with you, I must haste away to get honey for my hive. Soon the winter will come, and the flowers be gone, so I must work while the sun shines."

Then Jane saw a dog in the field, and tried to get him to play with her; but he only wagged his tail and ran off, as he had to mind the sheep.

After this Jane saw some birds in a tree, and tried to get them to play with her, but they had no time to play; they were busy picking up straws to make their nest, so had no time to waste.

"Well, well!" said Jane Rice, "it seems I am the only one idle, so I will hurry on to school, and try to learn my lessons."

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor

CENTRE HALL, PA., July 18, 1883.

Dem. State convention meets at Harrisburg, August 1st.

The *Centre Democrat* says it pays over a million dollors a week in pensions. Golly, but them fellers must be rich.

The Illinois State Entomologist reports that vast numbers of the Hessian fly are now in a dormant condition so low down in the stalk that they are left behind in the stubble when the wheat is cut. This is true of the entire winter region of Illinois. He therefore urgently advises that the stubble be burned at the earliest date possible, or that, where this is impracticable, the infested fields be ploughed deeply and rolled.

The New York *World* is responsible for the following; Reform Republican ticket for 1884—For President—Stephen W. Dorsey, of Arkansas. For Vice President—C. A. Arthur, of New York. Platform—More Star Routes and moon-struck juries.

Glanders has become epidemic among Illinois horses. The State Veterinarian reports that glanders is prevalent among the horses in nineteen counties. He claims to have been prevented from killing the animals afflicted, the attorneys of the owners contending that he could only resort to this measure after the Governor had issued a proclamation declaring the glanders epidemic. The Attorney General is now expected to give an opinion as to the powers of State Veterinarian under the State laws.

Thurlow Weed as a Business Man.

The property left by Thurlow Weed is estimated to be worth from $1,000,000 to $2,000,000. Only a small portion of it consisted of real estate. The bulk of his estate is in first-class railroad securities, although he owned considerable amounts of bank stocks, city railroad stocks, etc. His fortune was largely derived from the accretions of invested capital. A prominent Wall street man, familiar to a large degree with Mr. Weed's business affairs, said: "It was not until he had reached the age of 50 that Mr. Weed seemed to realize the value of money. Before that time he was almost indifferent on the subject of money making. His fortune was accumulated after he had passed the time when a man usually takes a keen interest in the question of bettering his financial condition. I should say that when Mr. Weed died his income had been ranging at about $70,000 a year. I consider a man's income to be the best test of what he is worth, and I, therefore, prefer to use that figure rather than to estimate what the principal of this property is. His estate is of a character that can readily be converted into cash. Mr. Weed made his fortune by wise and careful investments and the reinvestment of their accrued profits. When his income was, say, $40,000 a year, he would spend only $20,000, and would put the remainder into prime securities. His estate consists principally of first-rate railroad mortgage bonds. He owned to some extent railroad stocks. He held no 'cats and dogs,' though, as we say on the street. He never was anything of a speculator, and he did not make his money by any bold or fortunate stroke. What he bought he always paid for, taking it as a matter of investment."

Mistress (to applicant for cook's position): "Why did you leave your last place?" Applicant: "You're very inquisitive, marm. I didn't ax you what for yer last cook left you."

Major B's Appearances.

Major B—— (very popular) got a dainty note from Lady X., and wouldn't he play in her theatricals? Weak man—he would. A few days after he received a rehearsal card headed "supers." It informed him that the play selected was "The Ticket of Leave Man;" in the first act he would appear "a guest" in the fourth "a navvy," and afterwards as "a detective." In these the "make-up" (the make-up's the thing) was accomplished. The night came, the piece was a success; but what puzzled him was, that whenever he trod the stage although only a "super" without a line, his entrance was the signal for loud and continued laughter. At supper he borrowed the programme, and he then formed his conclusions. It read: "Supers—first act; a guest—Maj. B—(his first appearance). Fourth act: 'A navvy,' Maj. Blank (his second appearance). Last scene: a detective, Maj. Blank (his last appearance)."

This was told me under the rose (its perfume was sherry), but it is not as good as one from its neighborhood (London), at a fancy dress ball at Kensington. At midnight two policemen called and said the company must separate.

"Not at all," said the host, "this is a private house."

"Very well," said one of the policemen, "here are my orders, and I must take the names of all who are present."

"Do so," responded the host.

The police went to work and put down all the names, making everybody of course, supremely uncomfortable. Directly he had done so, one of them walked up to a table and poured out a glass of champagne.

"What right have you to drink my wine?" roared the host.

"I supposed when I was invited," responded the policeman, "that the ticket included something to drink," and amid the shouts of laughter the two policemen showed their cards. Both were guests.—*Quiz.*

Mr. Harry Roche, Wrightsville, Pa., says "I was entirely cured of chills and fever by using Brown's Iron Bitters."

An Ohio Man's Joke.

The other night a Steubenville man coming home with his wife discovered his property scattered over the floor and the burglar looking out of the window. He procured his gun without arousing the burglar's suspicions, took aim and fired. The burglar fell to the floor. The householder approached the prostrate figure, and to his astonishment found that it was only a bolster rigged up in his own Sunday clothes. Having left his brother in the house he at once recognized the author of the practical joke. He took the figure and stood it up by the front door, so that when his brother entered it fell forward upon him. The latter began calling, "police, "fire," "murder," and brought out the neighbors, who aided him in securing the burglar. On discovering the character of the intruder he decided to retire from the business of making practical jokes.

A Novice in Photographic Posing.

Discussing the subject of photographs of stage celebrities, a Philadelphia artist said to a reporter of the *Press*: "I was telling you about our leaving the position to the tastes of the ladies themselves. The other day we had rather an amusing instance of posing. Mlle. Asteggiano, the premiere danseuse, gave us some sittings. One of her dresses was the costume she wears in the ballet of nations. She could not speak a word of English, and as there were no linguists in the establishment we had great difficulty in conversing. She came out of the dressing-room with a hop, skip, and a jump, and pirouetted in front of the camera. The artist tried to explain to her that she was too near, but she did not understand, and immediately began a mazouka movement with lightning rapidity all over the studio. In and out the chairs, around the camera-stand, up and down the room, went the nimble dancer in every possible attitude of grace except that of repose, but a photograph was not feasible. Finally we sent for an interpreter, and while waiting the advent of that person the ballet queen continued her dancing, looking at the artist from time to time with a puzzled and impatient expression. Talk about a pas de seul, what I witnessed that day was the most wonderful exhibition of leg-agility you ever imagined. Finally the interpreter arrived, and Mlle. Asteggiano paused for breath. "Is it finished?' she asked in Italian; 'I am tired." On it being explained to her that she was expected to remain still for a few minutes she laughed very heartily. 'Dear me!' she exclaimed, 'here I have been performing a complete ballet in front of the camera, under the idea that all my movements were being instantaneously photographed. However, I am ready now.' She gave a bound in the air and landed on the tip of the big toe of the right foot, and remained motionless for over half a minute while the picture was being taken.

"Mlle. Rhea's cartes have many admirers. She was photographed here in the magnificent dress she wears as Adrienne. Her costume cost $10,000, and was presented to her by a French duke of enormous wealth. It is entirely composed of shades of red satin in light and dark shades, hand-embroidered with flowers. Round her waist; she had on a girdle of gems which she told me was worth $30,000."

——Both parties will soon have their nominees in the field, and the campaign will be opened in our state. The business campaign is always agoing at the Philad. Branch, where the rush for cheap clothing keeps up the excitement. No office is tempting to Lewins, he does more good and gte more honor for selling cheap clothing than if he were a congressman or governor.

INFLUENCE OF THE SOIL ON HEALTH.

The influence of the soil upon the health of those living upon it, is brought out very plainly during the prevalence of epidemic diseases. That malarial diseases (like intermittent fevers) originate from the soil, is already excepted; and recent investigations show pretty conclusively that the germs of Cholera, Abdominal Typhus, Yellow Fever, and the plague are in some way connected with the soil, which is daily corroborated by letters from all parts of the country, stating marvelous effects of Peruna on those diseases, and in their own convalescent state. John E. Courtney, of Corry says: I am still getting better, thanks to your Peruna and Manalin. See page 24 in "Ills of Life."

FITS: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first days use. Marvelous cures. Treaties and $2.00 trial bottles free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 631 Arch St., Philad., Pa. 11june y

SECHLERS!
SECHLERS!
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— NEW GOODS —

Just opened a full line of Choice Family

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,
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Such as

TEAS, COFFEES.
SUGARS, SPICES,
CANNED GOODS,
DRIED FRUITS,
MEATS,
NUTS,
OYSTERS,
FINE CANDIES.

FISH, SYRUPS, ETC.,

Together with

GLASS, CHINA, WOOD AND WILLOW WARE, AND HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES OF ALL KINDS.

at the lowest living prices. Goods are all newly bought, strictly fresh, and of the very best kind.

MEAT MARKET.

Beef of the choicest cattle, veal, pork and mutton, fresh and always on hand. 30 nov. tf

Drygoods, Groceries, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Carpets, Provisions, Wooden and Queensware.

PROCLAMATION:

Know all men by these presents that Valentine's Store Co. (Limited) have opened up the finest stores in Central Penn'a. They have always conducted business on the One Price System. It has been noticed of late that others have been trying to follow in their footsteps, from what they understand this is not by any means carried out by those who claim so to do. Their goods, as the public is aware of, have always been marked in PLAIN figures, followers have also sprung up to do this. Valentine's Store Co., Limited, being criterions of how to conduct a successful business, they are happy to lend their ideas for the help of human kind. They do not advertise any special prices, but from reductions made by some houses customers would conclude that the profits before reduction must have been something ENORMOUS. The public will always find Valentine's Store Co's, Limited, goods marked in PLAIN figures to the lowest notch; their prices will compare at the START to the reduced prices made by others. You must always take into consideration that there are more than one quality of goods, (and that good goods are the cheapest). It is generally job or auction goods which are cut in prices. They have recently added to the extensive stock of general merchandise a line of 5 and 10 cent goods, which will well repay a call to see our all manner of USEFUL articles, too numerous to mention, from 5 to 10 cts each. Their special order system is reaching quite a magnitude, and for the benefit of those who require goods which cannot be purchased in Bellefonte they will order either from New York or Philadelphia—will give you this parting admonition: DO NOT FAIL to call upon them; it will repay the visit. They are to be found at Bush's Arcade, Corner of High & Water streets, Bellefonte, where they occupy three store rooms. Always highest prices paid for produce. 28jun y

NEW GROCERY
—AT—
—COBURN, PENN'A.—

R. F. Vonada will keep staple groceries, pure and fresh, and low in price.

COFFEES, SUGARS,
SYRUPS, TEAS,
CANNED GOODS,
DRIED FRUITS
HAM, DRIED BEEF
COAL OIL,
FISH, SALT
BEST OYSTERS
CRACKERS, &c. &c.

☞All kinds of Country Produce wanted, and highest market prices paid for it. 11jantf

SPRING MILLS
Plaining Mill.

☞The place to buy your best☜
☞and cheapest Building Mate-☜
☞rial is of

Jas. S. Krape & Co.,
Spring Mills, Pa.,

who keep all kinds of FLOORING,
GERMAN, &
SPLIT SIDING,
SURFACE BOARDS,
WINDOW SASHES,
SHUTTERS,
BLINDS
&c., &c., &c.

Anything wanted not ready will be furnished on short notice.

MATERIAL OF ALL KINDS ALWAYS KEPT ON HAND.
17may 1y

SPRING OPENING '83.

Having completed shelving and fixing up my goods, I extend a cordial invitation to everybody to come and examine my goods, which consist of Clothing, Men's Furnishing Goods Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, and the best assortment of Trunks and Valises in the county. I haven't $40,000.00 worth of goods, I am sorry to say, but what I have is new and of the latest styles. I have good goods, and some cheap goods. I have some of the very best make of the celebrated Rochester goods. I have them to suit young and old, rich and poor. I will not boast of what I will do, but if you give me a call I will do as I always have done: treat you fair and honest and give you the value of your money, and don't you forget it.

Isaac Guggenheimer,

In New Addition to Bush's Arcade,

BELLEFONTE, PA,

P.S.—A full stock of the best Leather always on hand.

☞Cash paid for all kinds of hides.

26ap6m

8 acres of John Wanamaker General Store near New City Hall Philadelphia

Lyon & Co's Store.

LIST OF GOODS AT HALF PRICE!

LYON & CO.

3,000 yards Calico, remnants, pieces running from 2 to 8 yards, but a good many pieces of one pattern, no trouble to select enough of one color to finish out a dress, 4c a yard.
136 Men's Fine Wool Hats.....65 to 75 cents, elsewhere $1 25
136 Men's Finest Fur Hats.....1 25 worth 2 00 to 3 00.
Some very Fine Hats among them.
136 pair Men's Dress Shoes.....$1 00, elsewhere $1 75
136 " " Sewed shoes.....1 00, " 1 75
136 " " Sewed Working Shoes.....1 00, " 1 75
One lot of Boys' Shoes slightly scuffed, need a little blackning.....85, 90 & 95 cents, cost us 1 25 to 2 00
One small lot Men's Patent Leather Dress Shoes...1 50 worth 2 00
One lot Men's Buckle plow shoes.....1 25

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SHOES AT ONE HALF PRICE

Ladies' Fine Kid Croquet Walking shoes	75c	elsewhere	$1 50
" " " " "	90c	"	1 50
Ladies Plain Shoe	1 00	"	1 50
Ladies Cloth Langtry Walking Shoe	90c	"	1 50
Ladies Fine Newport Walking Shoes	75c	"	1 25
Misse's Oxford Ties	50c	"	1 00
Ladies three strap sandal Walking Shoes	90c	"	1 50
" four button Walking Shoes	90c	"	1 25
Lace Morocco Fine "	1 00	"	1 50
Ladies Newport Ties	75c	"	1 25
Patent Leather Tip	90c	"	1 65
Child's Yellow Slippers	15c	"	50
" " Button Shoes	45c	"	85
" Basket "	45c	"	90
" Lace Shoe	30c	"	50
" Button Shoe	40 & 45c	"	90
" Patent Leather Kid Top Button	40c	"	65
" " Spring Heel	42c	"	65
Ladies side lace, one lot, old price	2 00	now	75
Men's fine Patent Leather slippers	65c	elsewhere	1 25
Ladies Leather slippers	50c	"	75
Misses' button shoes	75 & 85c	"	1 25
Ladies "	1 00 & 1 25	"	1 50 & 2 00
" box-toe fine kid foxed	1 25	"	2 00
" fine lace shoes	90c	"	1 50
Misses fine button shoes	1 00	"	1 50
Ladies fine lace shoes	1 00	"	1 50
Ladies fine button shoes	75c	"	1 50
Men's plain lace shoes	1 00	"	1 75

MEN'S CLOTHING AT ONE HALF PRICE

Men's spring bottom black Pants	75c	elsewhere	1 50
" black Pants	75c	"	1 50
" light Cassimere all wool Pants	1 25	"	2 00
" " " "	2 00	"	4 00
" black all wool Diagonal	2 00	"	4 00
" " "	3 00	"	4 50
" dark extra heavy all wool very fine Pants	3 50	"	6 00
" ⅝ wool pants gray mixed	1 00		
One lot of wool Pants slightly faded cost us	$4 to $5 for 1 50 to 2 00		

ONE LOT OF SUITS ALL WOOL

One Lot of Dark & Light all Wool Cassimere Suits Marked Down to Cost.
We Are Overstocked.
10 dollar suit down to 7. 11 dollar suit down to 9 50. 16 dollar suit down to 12 50.
8¼ dollar suit down to 6¼. Another 8½ dollar suit down to 6¼.
A few black Diagonal Suits at 4 dollars that is just half price. A few nearly all wool black Diagonal 5 dollars, elsewhere 11 dollars. A strictly all wool fine Diagonal suit 10 dollars elsewhere 15 dollars. Grand Army Blue, very fine all wool 10 dollars, elsewhere 18 dollars.

Boys' and Children's Clothing One-Half Price.

An all wool blue Sailor Suit	1 50	elsewhere	3 00
A very fine blue " "	2 00	"	4 00
A very fine blue " "	3 50	"	6 00
Children's Suits, good quality	1 75	"	2 50
Boys' suits, 10 to 17 years	2 00	"	4 00
Boys' suits, " " all wool	3 00	"	5 00
Boys' suits, " " "	3 50	"	5 50

DRESS GOODS, SHIRTINGS, &c., AT ONE HALF PRICE.

Fine Cheviot shirting		8c	elsewhere 12
Dress Plaids	8, 10, 12	elsewhere	12½ to 20
Bed Spreads at one-half	38, 50, 60, 75	"	75, 90, 1 00, 1 25
Another lot Brocaded Sateens		16c	elsewhere 30
Another lot Brocaded Sateens		12½c	elsewhere 20
Double Width Alpacas, a few left yet		12½	old price 25

One Lot of Embroideries, about 2,500 Yards, at One-Half Price.
The upper line of prices show what they are actually worth, lower line our reduced prices.

10	12	14	15	20	30	35	45	55	75
5	7	8	10	12½	20	25	30	35	40

One Lot of Crape Sets, Cuffs and Collars 20c, old price 75c.

Everybody Knows by this time that our Ribbons are One-Half of Other's Prices. Sash Ribbons 6 to 8 in. wide 25 to 40c.

Child's regular made Hose.....6 pair for 25c
One lot of all Silk Colored and Black Sash Ribbon.....25c a yd. actual value 75 & 1 00
Child's and Misses Hose.....4 pair for 25c, elsewhere 10c

SEND FOR SAMPLES.

June 28 LYON & CO.

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Wilsonia Insoles. Wilsonia Appliances.

THE GRANDEST DISCOVERY OF THE AGE!

These Insoles keep the feet dry and warm on the coldest days. Consult your health. Avoid colds with all their consequent ills, by wearing a pair of WILSONIA MAGNETIC INSOLES. PRICE, 50 CENTS; 5 pairs for $2.00. FREE BY MAIL.

WILSONIA CURES ALL FORMS OF DISEASE.

It has been successful in eighty-five cases in each one hundred. For over three years in England and America these Appliances have been doing a marvelous work among invalids. No medicine required. So-called incurables taken from the hospitals and cured. Chronic invalids restored to the blessing of health. Thousands who have squandered their time, their money and best days experimenting with medicine without success, are to-day enjoying life by having worn Wilsonia. One says: "I would not take $1,000 for what Wilsonia has done for me in one week." Another, "I was paralyzed for five and a half years. Wilsonia cured me in a few months. I would not take $50 000 and be as I was one year ago." Another, "I had rheumatism for twenty-three years, suffering great pain. The Wilsonia Appliances have taken away all the pain, and I can dance like a boy." Another "I had catarrh and deafness and dyspepsia, for many years. Wilsonia has cured me entirely. Words cannot express my gratitude." Give size of shoe, and whether for lady or gentleman. Send price in stamps.

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PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS
MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD

And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take ONE PILL EACH NIGHT FROM ONE TO TWELVE WEEKS, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing is possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Send for pamphlet. J. B. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

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ROAD CARTS.

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Office at residence on Church street, opposite Lutheran Church. Will give satisfaction in all branches of his profession. Ether administered 14adr

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Dentist, Millheim. Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession. He is now fully prepared to extract teeth absolutely without pain. my 2 78

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Good Sample Rooms on First Floor.
Free Buss to and from all trains.
Special rates to witnesses and jurors. 31ant

DANIEL PRUTZMAN, BOOT AND SHOEMAKER.
after April 1st will open in the Durst building, when he will be prepared to make to order Boots and Shoes, and do all kinds of repairing. Satisfaction guaranteed, and charges reasonable. He asks a share of the public patronage. 3mar tf

LIGHT DRAFT COMBINATION PENN HARROW.

Best In The World.

Stretcher sent with Harrow. | Wheel Revolves and gives the ground Two Harrowings in passing over it once, therefore will do double the work of any other Harrow and save the former half this labor

Another great advantage the Penn Harrow has over any other, it can be so easily changed into Five Different Harrows, a Corn Marker and a Complete Sled for each Harrow, without adding an extra piece or bolt. Thus the farmer has all the Harrows in the one required on his place, and they are adapted to any soil.

Penn Harrow is made of the Best White Oak, with Steel Teeth, Well Painted and in every way first-class. Formerly a Harrow was the most unhandy implement on the farm, with our improvements it is the most convenient, and a great saving of time and labor, look to your interest and buy the Penn Harrow. Manufactured only by the

Penn Harrow Manufacturing Co.
Opposite Philadelphia, Pa. Camden, New Jersey.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.
SUPPLEMENT.

CENTRE HALL, PA. July 18, 1883.

Jumbo on His Muscle.

Jumbo took it into his capricious head last night that he would like a little more liberty, and so the braced himself, and, placing his enormous head against the side of the building, walked through it apparently as easily as if it was paper. Previous to his return with the traveling show the corner designated for him in the elephant quarters was overlaid with plank, crossed and recrossed, spiked and bolted, until a wall nearly a foot thick had been formed, and it was thought that nothing on this earth could tear it down, But he pried off the boards with his tusks, and made quite a hole in that way. Then he went through what was left with the greatest ease. He wasn't a bit ugly about it; it was only one of his playful freaks. After he reached the open air he was as quiet and gentle as a lamb, and walked all around the grounds unconcernedly in charge of Mr. Scott, his English trainer. His prodigious strength can hardly be realized. He will snap off a beam six inches square with great ease and perform other pleasant tricks of like nature.—*Bridgeport (Conn.) Farmer.*

CENTRE HALL

Carriage Shops.

J. W. HENNY & SAM'L SHOOP.
(Successors to J. O. Deininger.)

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Manufacture and constantly keep on hand
CARRIAGES,
BUGGIES,
SPRING WAGONS,
SLEIGHS
and all kind of vehicles.

All work made of the best material, and put together by mechanics of long experience. Hence all work from these shops is guaranteed.

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COME AND SEE OUR WORK
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CENTRE HALL.
Receive Deposits and allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities; Gold and Coupons.
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Grand Spring Opening
OF ALL THE LATEST
NOVELTIES.
Wolf & Son's New Stock
is Complete in Every Department, Embracing:
Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Trimmings, Fancy Goods, Notions, Clothing, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Trunks, Satchels, Groceries, Flour, &c., &c., &c.
AND IN FACT EVERYTHING KEPT IN A FIRST CLASS
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SUMMER DRESS GOODS
In the Latest Styles and Designs, to which we especially invite the attention of the Ladies.

AN ELEGANT LINE OF
LADIES', MISSES' & CHILDREN'S
FINE SHOES.

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Gent's Furnishing Goods, &c.
IS COMPLETE AND FOR
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FURNITURE AT
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THE BEST TONIC.

Cures Completely Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Malaria, Liver and Kidney Complaints. Druggists and Physicians endorse it.

Use only Brown's Iron Bitters made by Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore. Crossed red lines and trade-mark on wrapper.

NOTHING IN THE WORLD EQUAL TO IT FOR THE CURE OF SCROFULA, PIMPLES, BOILS, OLD SORES, MERCURIAL DISEASES, MALARIA. DOCTOR LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER. ITCH, ALL OF FEMALE COMPLAINTS. FOR LOSS OF APPETITE IT RAS NO EQUAL.

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FARMERS who are interested in Growing Crops cheaply and successfully should write us for our pamphlet on pure fertilizers. ☞A good fertilizer can be made at home for about $12 a ton by compositing with POWELL'S PREPARED CHEMICALS. References in Every State. ☞Agents wanted for unoccupied territory. Apply with references.

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Warranted the most perfect Force-Feed Fertilizer Drill in existence. Send for circular. A. B. FARQUHAR, York, Pa.

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PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION. 25

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., July 18, 1883.

Longfellow's Queer Visitors.

During the centennial year, says Prof. Boyesen in the *Christian Union*, we were sitting together, one beautiful afternoon, on his piazza, smoking and talking. While we were in the midst of our conversation I observed two men and two women coming toward us across the lawn. They were obviously New England country folks returning from the centennial exhibition. The men had the slow, deliberate, rustic walk, and were dressed in ill-fitting black broad-cloth, the very look of which made one perspire. The women, who were leading the way, had an appearance of pluck and enterprise, as if they were determined to conquer the modest diffidence of their companions. Mr. Longfellow was sitting with his back to the street, and did not observe them until they were within a yard of the piazza. He looked a little surprised, but arose and saluted the intruders with his wonted courtesy.

"Be you the poet Longfellow?" asked one of the women, in a voice that was incredibly unmelodious.

"Yes, I am Mr. Longfellow," he answered.

There was an awkward pause, during which the visitors stared at the poet with unabashed glances, as if he had been a centennial relic on exhibition.

"Now how old a man might you be?" queried the other female, abruptly.

"I am sixty-nine years old, madam."

"'Pears to me you look consid'ably older," said one of the men, looking up sideways to Mr. Longfellow's face with a critical air.

"My looks may belie me. I am no older."

I could not but wonder at the extreme urbanity with which he answered these blunt questions, showing no annoyance in his face and no resentment. And when finally, at their request, he conducted the party through his house, he submitted, with the same gentle courtesy, to a cross-examination regarding his family and personal affairs which would have tried the patience of archangel Gabriel. When at the end of half an hour he returned, apologizing for his absence, I made a remark which was perhaps a little disrespectful to his late visitors.

"They meant no disrespect to me by their questions," he answered, with that beautiful gentleness which was so characteristic of his manner. "It is perfectly proper, where they come from, to interest one's self in the personal affairs of every body."

"But it must be a great inconvenience to you," I observed, "to be so frequently disturbed by such excursionists."

"Well, during the present year I admit it has been a little trying. Nevertheless, I always dislike sending a man or woman away who has come out here for the purpose of seeing me or my house. Of course I have to do it occasionally, but it is always disagreeable to me needlessly to disappoint any one. Those women whom you saw are a good, stanch New England type, and I like them in spite of their lack of tact and their abrupt manners. They are good hard-working women, who make good wives and good mothers. And yet, the other day, I was greatly amused at one of the same class who came here with a large basket—whether she had any thing to sell I did not ascertain—apparently for the purpose of telling me that she had read 'Evangeline' from beginning to end, 'and,' she added, 'there ben't many folks can say that.' I am convinced now that she had no intention whatever of being rude to me; she was merely awkward and nervous, and said what she did not mean to say. I asked her if she had found the reading of 'Evangeline' such a dreadful task. The question seemed to surprise her; she grew embarrassed, and showed plainly that she had no recollection of having said any thing uncomplimentary."

It was, as far as I can remember, on the same occasion that Mr. Longfellow told me of a young man from somewhere in New England, who wrote to him, saying that he was in love with a young lady whose name was given, and a description of whose appearance was also subjoined. The writer had been devoting himself for a long time to the task of winning this young lady's affection, but she had so far given him no encouragement; and he had arrived at the conclusion that "nothing but poetry would fetch her." Now, would Mr. Longfellow, whom he understood to be a poet, write some suitable stuff for him that would appeal to the young lady's heart, and would he first let him know how much he charged for a poem of this kind? Whether Mr. Longfellow burlesqued a little this incident in relating it I am unable to say; but from the gravity of of his manner, and still more from his temperamental inaptness for burlesque exaggeration, I concluded that the incident had occurred exactly as he reported it.

How Miss Amateur Acted.

Miss Amateur took part in some private theatricals and was cast to the part of a society lady. "How did I do?" she asked her dear friend after the performance. "You did splendidly!" replied the dear friend, with animation. "You acted just like a lady who had been used to the best of society all your life—quiet refined, you know. I don't see how you could do it. You're a born actress. That's what everybody said. You didn't appear one bit like yourself." Of course, Miss Amateur is delighted, but she doesn't look it.—*Boston Transcript.*

Teacher: "Define the word excavate." Scholar: "It means to hollow out." Teacher; "Construct a sentence in which the word is properly used." Scholar: "The baby excavates when it gets hurt."

JOY.

Curts is my name, Pittsburg my home,
And I'm a hearty boy;
In every place where I may roam,
I'll sing with youthful joy:
Sing praises of that wondrous cure,
Peruna, pure and sweet,
Which made me rich instead of poor,
And placed me on my feet.

Unreliable Physicians.

"But for the skill and watchfulness of Dr. Bender, our apothecary," said an official of the Philadelphia Alms House recently to the Board of Guardians of the Poor, "fatal results would often follow upon the carelessness or ignorance of our resident physicians. Within a short time, little more than a year, he has detected and held back over 100 erroneous prescriptions, twenty-five of which, had the medicine been administered according to the directions, would have proven fatal. One young doctor, appointed by one of the most careful members of our board, has, within a few months, written four prescriptions, which, but for Dr. Bender's knoweledge, would have killed his patients. I question whether, in appointing such men, we are not rendering ourselves liable for damages in case the city's poor should die at their hands. There is not another city asylum in the country in which such a system as ours prevails. Guardians have sent their appointees to the staff for examination, and have then elected them regardless of the results of the test. For years the residents have owed their positions not to merit, but to political or personal favoritism. The medical staff, while yielding a tacit approval, have been practically without a voice in the selection. Our resident physicians have deteriorated from year to year."

The complicated diseases brought on by intense study, thought, care, anxiety, etc., are often of the most serious nature. Heed such symptoms as loss of memory, universal lassitude, heart disease, kidney complaints, liver troubles and a general breaking down of health and strength. When thus afflicted, when the least exertion causes great fatigue, when life seems a burden, use the reliable strengthening tonic, Brown's Iron Bitters. It will afford you sure relief.

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jun22tf Centre Hall

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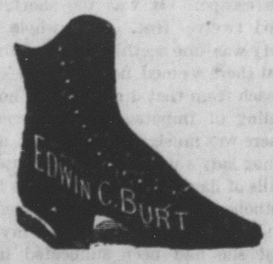

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HANAN & SON'S,
New York, Fine Shoes for Men and Boys, every pair warranted.

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PLOW SHOES, BROGANS, & SLIPPERS
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Lower now than for years past.

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To-day the popular bargains are Men's $6.00 True-Blue All-Wool Flannel Suits, Men's $2.00 fancy Cassimere Pantaloons, and Large Boys' Ayrshire Cassimere Suits at $4.25. Half prices only. They will be continued, and are only referred to here as specimens of what we will do for you when you visit us.

Wanamaker & Brown,

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Carpets S. & A. Loeb. Clothing.

OUR STOCK FOR SPRING IS NOW COMPLETE.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF CARPETS EVER BROUGHT TO BELLEFONTE.

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House-Furnishing Goods in Endless Variety.

Sheetings, Pillow-Casings, Tickings, Table Linens, Towels, Nopkins,

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SPRING STOCK OF CLOTHING JUST IN!

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PENNSYLVANIA AND QUAKER CITY 1883 Lawn Mowers

Surpass all others AND ARE THE BEST

Will Run More Easily,
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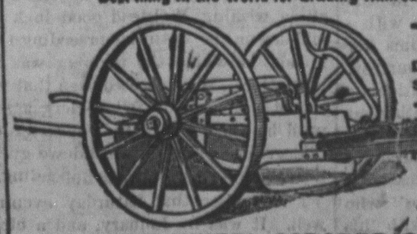
Best thing in the World for Grading Railroads, Levees & Public Roads.



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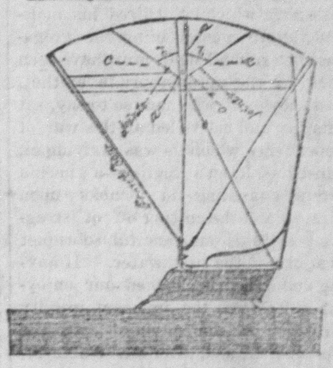

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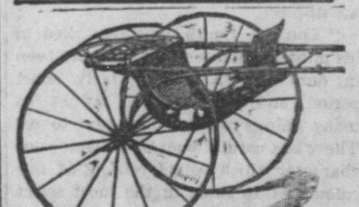

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Gentlemanly Joe.

That was the name by which he was known in the banking-house of Ducat, Gulden & Ducat, or at least in that branch of it which did a thriving business in the great commercial city of Birchespool. It did not require more than five minutes' acquaintance, however, to inform the uninitiated that the apparently complimentary epithet was bestowed rather from a keen sense of humor on the part of his five fellow-clerks, than on account of any exceptional claims to blue blood in the case of Mr. Joseph Smith himself. Even the casual customer whose knowledge of Joe was limited to watching his self-satisfied smirk and enormous watch-guard at the other side of the shining mahogany desk, or admiring the emphasis with which he utilized his moistened thumb in overcoming the gregatious leaves of his ledger, must have been struck by the misappropriate epithet. To us, however, who had, so to say, sat at his feet and marvelled at the war of independence which he was carrying on against the Queen's English—a guerilla warfare consisting in attacks upon aspirates, and the cutting off of straggling g's—to us our fanciful sobriquet was a joke of the first water. If anything could have enchanced our enjoyment of it, it was the innocent gravity with which our companion accepted the doubtful title, and, after one feeble remonstrance, adopted it forever as his own prerogative and right.

The circumstances of that remonstrance deserve to be recorded. Before the arrival of Mr. Joseph Smith from the paternal training-stables—his father was a successful sporting tout who had developed into a trainer—our office had been a particularly aristocratic one. Welstead, our senior clerk, was a fine, handsome young fellow of twenty-six, who came of a good Scooth strain, and was occasionally understood to make dark allusions concerning the extinct Earldom of Stirling; Dullan and Moreby were Oxford men, well connected and well read; little Sparkins was the son of a High Church clergyman; and I had some of the best blood of Wales in my veins. No wonder, then, that our dignity was hurt by the appearance of a loudly-dressed, scorbutic-looking youth, with horse-shoe pin and a necktie suggestive of spectrum analysis upon the very stool lately vacated by my old college friend Vernon Hawkins—most gentlemanly and quiet of mankind.

For a few days we contented ourselves with observing the habits and customs of the creature. There was an audacity about his vulgarity and a happy unconsciousness of all offence, which fairly disarmed criticism. It was not until he began to address us as "old pals, and went the length of playing a small practical joke upon little Sparkins, that a spirit of resistance began to stir within our bosoms and that Welstead, as usual, was pushed forward as our mouthpiece.

"You see, Smith," he remarked in his most languid tones, "you have been in our office a comparatively short period, and yet you have taught us many things which were new to us. There is a natural buoyancy about your character which points you out as one calculated to shine in the most select circles. Before your arrival we had never learned to designate ladies as 'fillies,' nor had we heard of the 'real gents' whom you mention as having frequented your father's establishment. These things interest and please us. Allow us to show some small sense of the honor your society confers on us, by christening you as 'Gentlemanly Joe,' excusing the liberty we take with your name in consideration of the alliteration."

A great part of this speech must have been lost upon Mr. Joseph, but never did elaborate sarcasm fall so utterly flat. Instead of being offended, as we had fondly hoped would be the case, he burst into an uproarious fit of laughter, and slapped his gaitered leg with the ebony ruler in token of delight. "Haw! haw!" he roared, writhing about on the top of the high stool. 'Whatever'll father say! Oh, law, to think of it! 'Gentlemanly Joe'—eh? You're right, though; you're right, and not ashamed to own up, neither. I said when I was comin' up, 'Father,' says I, 'I'll teach them a trick or two;' and I have, hain't I? Of course we're all gents here, for clerks is mostly reckoned such, but it do make a difference when a man has been brought in contac' with the real thing. You can call me Gentlemanly Joe, an' pleasure, but not as meaning to imply that there is any in this room not such, though, maybe, not one of you has seen a belted hurl give your father one in the short ribs and holler out, 'You're a deep old scoundrel, Smith, and one as knows how many beans makes five!'"

Welstead's face at the idea of his gouty governor receiving such an attention at the hands of nobility was so ludicrous that we all burst into a roar of laughter, which ended the first and last attempt to take a rise out of our bucolic companion. It is true that his life was spent under a continual shower of small jokes and chaff, and that his new name superseded his old one, but there was a massive simplicity about the man, and a marvellous power of converting the most unpromising remarks into compliments, which rendered him a very disconcerting individual to attack. Allusions to his hat, necktie or any other peculiarity of raiment were met by his eternal horse-laugh, and an earnest recommendation that we should allow him to send down to the country and procure fac-similes for all and each of us. "You hain't got nothin' spicy in Birchespool," he would remark. "Lord, I know a place at 'ome where you can get your collars spotted over with fox's 'eads instead of bein' plain white, which is a poor color at best." I think he imagined it was nothing but want of money which induced us to refuse to purchase these and other luxuries, and he was wont to throw out allusions as to "it's not costing us nothink," while he jingled the loose coins in his trouser pockets.

Town life did not improve Joseph. On the contrary, he deteriorated. During the first six months that he honored the office with his presence, he not only lost none of the traits which he had brought with him from his father's stables, but he grafted upon them everything which is objectionable in the city snob. The premonitory symptoms were a suspicious waxiness of the half-dozen hairs which adorned his upper lip, and the appearance of a large diamond ring with a greenish and vitreous hue. His next venture was an eye-glass; and he finally launched forth into a light ulster, decorated with a large black check, which gave him the appearance of being inside a cage, with his head projecting at one end and his feet at the other. "It's a proper thing for a gent to wear," he remarked. "When you see a get-up like this you know at a glance who's a cad and who ain't"—a sentiment which we all very cordially endorsed.

In spite of all these peculiarities we learned not only to tolerate the Gentleman, but even to like him. Indeed, we hardly knew how strong this feeling was until he betook himself into the country on a fortnight's leave, carrying with him ulster, eye-glass, ring and everything else which was calculated to impress the rustics and stamp him as the natural associate of the "belted hurl." He left quite a vacancy behind him. There was a dead level of equality about the five of us which deprived life of all its piquancy. Even Walstead, who had disliked him from the first, was fain to confess that he was good fun, and that he wished him back. After all, if his laugh was obtrusive it was hearty, and his quaint, vulgar face had sincerity and good nature stamped upon every line of it. It was with unaffected pleasure that we heard a loud view-halloa in the street one morning just after the opening of the doors, and saw our friend swaggering in, more ugly, more dressy, and, if possible, more vulgar than before.

Newsome, our bank manager, was an excellent fellow, and on the best terms with all of us. As we were all single men, with a very limited circle of friends in Birchespool, he kindly gave us the run of his house, and it was seldom that a week passed without our enjoying a musical evening there, winding up with one of the choice little suppers for which Mrs. Newsome was celebrated. On these occasions, since distinctions would be invidious, Gentlemanly Joe used to be present in all his glory, with a very large white, frilled shirt-front, and another vitreous fragment sparkling gloomily in the middle of it. This, with a watch chain which reminded one of the chain cable of a schooner, was his sole attempt at ornamentation, for, as he used to say, "it ain't good form to show you're richer than your neighbors, even if you are. Too much like a Sheeny, don't you know?"

Joe was an endless source of amusement to Cissy Newsome, a mischievous, dark-eyed brunette of eighteen, the sole child of the manager. We had all fallen in love with Cissy at one time or another, but had had to give it up on finding that her heart was no longer her own to bestow. Charles Welstead had known her from childhood, and the affection of early youth had ripened into love on both sides. Never was there a more fondly attached couple, nor one to whom the path seemed to to lie so smoothly, for old Welstead had been Newsome's personal friend, and Charles' prospects were of the brightest.

On these pleasant evenings which I have mentioned it was great fun to see Joe darting into the drawing-room and endeavoring to secure a seat in the neighborhood of the young lady, with a profound disregard for any claims her parents might have upon his courtesy. If he attained the coveted position he would lean back in his chair with what he imagined to be an air of easy gentility, and regale her with many anecdotes of horses and dogs, with occasional reminiscences of the "big nobs" who had professional relations with his father. On such occasions Miss Cissy would imitate him to his face in the most amusing way, looking all the time as demure as a little mouse, while Welstead leaned up against the piano, not quite sure whether to laugh or be angry. Even he usually broke down, however, when the two came to discuss "hetiquette," and Joe, in his character of gentleman, laid down his views as to when a "feller should raise 'is 'at," and when not. The argument was generally closed by a burst of laughter from all of us, in which Joseph would join, though protesting loudly that he was unable to see the joke.

It is a proverbially dangerous thing to play with edged tools. I have never been sure whether Smith knew how matters stood betweeen Welstead and the young lady. I am inclined to think that at first he did not. Perhaps, if some one had informed him of it then he might have mastered his feelings and much misery have been averted. It was clear to us young fellows who had gone through the same experience how things were tending, but we held our tongues rather than spoil what we considered a capital joke. Cissy may have seen it too, and given him a little mischievous encouragement—at least, young ladies have the credit of not being blind in such cases. Certainly Smith pursued his hopeless suit with a vigor which astonished us. During business hours he lived in a sort of day-dream, musing upon his perch like some cogitative fowl, and getting into endless trouble over his accounts, while every evening found him interfering with Welstead's tete-a-tete at the high corner house in Eldon street. At last the crash came. There was no need to ask what had happened when little Joe slunk quietly into the office one morning with disheveled hair, melancholy face, and eyes bleared with the wakefulnes of a restless night. We never learned the particulars of his dismissal. Suffice it that he was informed once and forever that a gap which there was no crossing lay between Miss Cissy Newsome and himself. He bore up bravely, and tried to hug his sorrow to his heart, to hide it from the vulgar gaze of mankind, but he became an altered man. What had been but a passing fancy with us had taken root in his very soul and grown there, so that he, who had hardly known when it was planted, was now unable to wrench it out. The ordeal he had gone through chastened him, to a great extent, from his vulgarity by toning down his natural spirits, and though he occasionally ventured upon a "Haw! haw!" it was painfully artificial, and a good deal more suggestive of a dirge than of merriment. The worst feature of the case was that every week increased the gloom which hung over him. We began to suspect that our estimate of him had been a superficial one, and that there were depths in the little man's soul of whose existence we had been ignorant.

Four months had passed away. None of us had changed much during that time, with the exception of the Gentleman. We saw little of him except in office hours. Where he spent the rest of the day was a mystery. Once I met him late at night in the docks, stumbling along ring-bolts and chains, careless of the fact that a trip or slip might send him into eternity. Another time I saw a cloaked figure lurking in the shadow beside the house in Eldon street, which fled round the corner on my approach. His naturally unhealthy complexion had become so cadaverous that the sandy eyebrows and moustache stood out quite dark against it. His clothes hung loosely on his figure. The eyeglass was discarded. Even the once gorgeous ring seemed to have assumed a sombre and melancholy lustre as if in sympathy with the feelings of its owner. His manner had lost all its old audacity, and become timid and retiring. I doubt if any of his rustic acquaintances would have recognized their gaudy Joseph in the shambling, unkempt figure which haunted the counting-house of Ducat, Gulden & Ducat.

The termination of Welsteads engagement began to draw near. It had been arranged that after his marriage he was to be promoted to the management of another branch in a distant part of the country. This approaching break-up in our little circle drew us all closer together, and made us the more sorry that the general harmony should be destroyed by the unhappiness of one our number. If we could have cheered him we would, but there was something in his look, for all his snobbishness, which forbade even sympathy on a subject so sacred. He endeavored to put on a careless manner when he joined us all in wishing Welstead good luck at mid-day on the Saturday preceding the Monday on which the wedding was to take place. We expected then that we should not see our fellow-clerk again until he appeared in the character of bridegroom. How little did we guess the catastrophe which was impending!

I remember that Saturday evening well. It was in January, and a clear wintry sky, with a suspicion of an aurora in its Northern quarter, spread over the great city. There was a slight frost in the air, and the ground clinked cheerily under foot. One of my fellow-clerks—Dullan—and I had kept by little Smith all day, for there was a wild look about his eyes which made us think it might be unsafe to leave him to his own devices. We dined at a restaurant, and afterward dropped into a theatre, where Joe's ghastly face in the stalls had a very depressing effect upon the pantomime. We were walking slowly homeward after supper, it being then between 12 and 1, when we saw a great crimson glow upon the heavens, such as aurora never threw, and a fire engine dashed past us with a whistle and a clang, the big-boned, shaggy horses whirling it along at such a rate that we only caught a glimpse of a flash of lights and a cluster of bearded, helmeted heads suspended, as it were, in the darkness.

I have always had a weakness for fires. There is something grand and ennobling in the irresistible sweep of a great volume of flame. I could moralize over a conflagration as Chateubriad did over Niagara. Dullan is of the same bent of mind, and the Gentleman was ready to turn anywhere from his own thoughts. We all began running in the direction of the blaze.

At first we ran languidly, jogging along with many other people who were hurrying toward the same goal. Then, as we came into a quarter of the town which we knew well, we almost involuntarily quickened our pace, until tearing round a familiar corner at racing speed, we pulled up and gazed silently into each other's pale faces. There, not a hundred yards from us, stood the high house on Eldon street—the house under whose hospitable roof we had spent so many happy hours—with the red flames licking round the whole lower story, and spurting out of every chink and crevice, while a dense pall of smoke obscured the upper windows and the roof.

We dashed through the crowd together, and fought our way to the clear space on which the firemen were connecting their hose. As we reached them, a half-naked man, bare-footed and disheveled, was pleading with the superintendent, clutching frantically at his arm and pointing up to the dark clouds above him, already rent with jagged streaks of ascending flame.

"Too short!" he screamed in a voice which we were horrified to recognize as that of Mr. Newsome. "It can't be—it musn't be! There are more escapes than one. Oh, man, man, she is burning—choking—suffocating! Do something! Save her! My child—my beautiful child—the only one I have!"

In the agony of his fear he fell at the fireman's feet and implored his assistance.

I was paralyzed by the horror of the thing. The situation was apparent at a glance. There, seen dimly through the smoke, was Cissy Newsome's window, while beneath it, separated by a broad expanse of wall, was the head of the fire escape. It was too short, by a good twelve feet. The whole lower story was one seething mass of fire, so that there seemed no possibility of approach from that direction. A horrible feeling of impotence came over me. There was no sign of movement at the young lady's window, though crawling trails of flame had climbed up to it and festooned it round with their red garlands. I remember hoping in my heart that she had been suffocated in her sleep, and had never woke to the dreadful reality.

I have said that we were paralyzed for the moment. The spell was rapidly broken. "This way, lads!" cried a resolute voice, and Charlie Welstead broke in among us with a fireman's hatchet in his hand. We pushed after him as he rushed round to the rear of the house, where there was a door usually used by the servants. It was locked, but a couple of blows shattered it to pieces. We hurried up the stone kitchen stairs, with the plaster falling in strips all round us, and the flags so hot that they burned into the soles of our boots. At the head of the stairs there was a second door, thicker and stronger than the first, but nearly charred through by the fire.

"Give me room!" gasped Welstead, swinging round his axe.

"Don't do it, sir," cried a stalwart fireman, seizing him by the wrist; "there's flames on the other side of that door."

"Let me go!" roared Charlie.

"We're dead men if you break it!"

"Let me go!"

"Drop it, sir; drop it!"

There was a momentary struggle, and the axe clattered down upon the stone steps. It had hardly time to fall before some one caught it up. I could not see who for the dense blue reek of smoke. A man dashed past the fireman, there was the crash of a parting lock, and a great lick of flame, like a hound unleashed, shot out and enveloped us. I felt its hot sear as it coiled round my face, and I remember nothing more until I found myself leaning against the door-post; breathing in the fresh, sweet air of night, while Welstead, terribly burned, struggled furiously with the fireman who held him back to prevent him from reascending the staircase, which was now a solid sheet of fire.

"Hold back, sir!" I heard the honest fellow growl; "ain't one life thrown away enough? That little cove—him in the gaiters—the same that broke the door—he's gone. I seed him jump right slap into the middle of it. He won't never come back no more!"

Together we led Welstead round to the front once more, all three staggering like drunken men. The flames were higher than before, but the upper story and the roof still rose above them like a black island in a sea of fire. There was Miss Cissy's window dark and unopened though the woodwork around it was in a glow. There was no sign of the flutter of a female dress. How terrible it was to stand and wait for the end, powerless to stretch out a saving hand. Poor Welstead leaned against me, sobbing like a child. A ghastly longing came into my heart that I might see flames in that room, that I might know it to be all over, and her pain and trouble at an end. Then I heard the crash of glass falling outward, and I bent my head to avoid seeing the very thing that I had wished for; and then there broke upon my ear a shout from ten thousand voices, so wildly exultant and madly jubilant that I never hope to hear the like again.

Welstead and I looked up. Balanced upon the narrow ledge outside the window I had been watching, there was standing a man, framed as it were in fire. His clothes were hanging around him as a few tattered, charred rags, and his very hair was in a blaze. The draught caused by knocking out the window had encouraged the flames, so that a lurid curtain hung behind him, while the ground was fully seventy feet below. Yet there, on the thin slip of stone, with eternity on each side of him, stood Joe Smith, the uncouth and ungrammatical, tying two sheets together, while women sobbed below and men shouted and every hand was raised to bless him. He staggered and disappeared so suddenly that we feared he had fallen, but he was back again in an instant, not alone this time, for the girl he had come to save was slung over his shoulder. The brave fellow seemed to have doubts of the strength of his impromptu rope, for he rested his own weight upon the nearly red-hot water-pipe during those twelve perilous feet, supporting Miss Newsome by the arm which clutched the sheet. Slowly, very slowly, they descended, but at last his feet touched the topmost rung of the escape. Was it a dream that I heard a voice above him say, "Hall right, missy," before a burst of cheering rang out which drowned every other sound.

Miss Cissy, more frightened than hurt, was delivered over into her half-distracted father's care, while I helped to lift Gentleman Joe from the escape. He lay panting upon the ground, burned and scorched, his sporting coat tattered and charred, while strangely enough, the prismatic necktie and horseshoe pin had escaped the general destruction, so as to present an absurd oasis amid the desert around. He lay without speaking or moving until Cissy Newsome was led past him on her way to a cab. Then he made a feeble gesture with his hand, which indicated that he wished to speak to her, and she stooped over him. No other ear but mine caught that whisper.

"Don't fret, Miss," he said, "'cause it was the wrong hoss came in. He's a good feller—a deal better than me—and did as much, but hadn't the luck."

A vulgar little speech, but Cissy's eyes got very moist as she listened, and I'm not sure that mine didn't, too.

The office was sadly reduced after that. With Welstead and the Gentleman on the sick-list, there were only four of us at the desk, and the reaction from the excitement had left us anything but lively. I can remember only one remark ventured upon during that first day. The dreary scratching of pens had lasted unbroken for over an hour, when little Sparkie looked up from his ledger.

"I suppose you would call him a gentleman, after all?" he said.

"A very much better one than you will ever be," growled Dullan, and we relapsed into the scratching of pens.

I was present at the wedding of Charley Welstead and Cissy Newsome, when, after a long delay, it was finally celebrated. By the original arrangement I was to have figured as best man, but my post of honor was handed over to a certain very ugly young man, whose appearance suggested the idea that he had spent the last few weeks in a mustard poultice. Unromantic as it may seem, this youth not only went through his duties with all the nonchalence in the world, but danced at the subsequent festivities with the greatest vigor and grace. It is commonly rumored that this activity of his, combined with sundry interesting anecdotes concerning horses and dogs, have so prevailed upon the heart of a susceptible young lady, that there is every probability of our having a repetition of the marriage ceremony. Should it be so, I trust that I may at last revert to my original position as best man.

Agricultural.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.—Clover hay is good for hogs, and the hogs like it.

Choose for hatching the largest and best shaped eggs from the best layers.

Do not kill the moles. They do not eat strawberry plants but white grubs, and are most numerous where the latter are found.

An Ohio farmer names the mammoth pearl as the potato to take the place of the peachblow, against which charges of deterioration are made

T. B. Terry, of Ohio, says his straw is worth $8 a ton to him for feeding purposes and $6 for bedding, he grows large crops of wheat and never sells any straw.

Too much clover hay fed to horses is injurious; they will eat so much of it that that they cannot travel fast without injury. It should always be well sprinkled with water before feeding.

Dr. Sturtevant says: Our results have thus far given quite conclusive evidence in favor of the terminal portion of the potato tuber, so far as regards certainty of growth, early sprouting, healthy vegetation and vigor.

As soon as the lamb gets large enough, it should be encouraged to eat food for itself. For this purpose a low trough should be placed where the lambs can get to it, and eat without disturbance. They will soon eat enough to assist very materially in their growth.

We want no better sign of a good farmer than that he prizes manure and believes in returning to the soil something like an equivalent for what is removed. The secret of good farming lies in making the land produce the best possible results. Withou tdeterioration.

Sets, as well as large onions should be kept as dry and cool as possible, without being actually materially hurt by frost, provided they are not handled while frozen. If spread on a tight barn floor and covered thickly with chaff or cut straw they will keep well till spring.

It is not good policy to let work horses get thin. It costs more to put on flesh than it does to keep it. Flesh that becomes hardened by exercise will be kept up with less food, under the same work, than it took to put it on. From fifteen to thirty pounds of food will about supply the daily consumption of horses, large or small.

The practice of growing sweet corn for fodder is greatly on the increase in this country. It makes far better feed than the field sorts, from the fact that it is very sweet and nutritious, and cattle will eat every part of it with great relish. Sow thickly in drills two and a half feet apart, using two and a half bushels of seed to the acre; or it can be sown broadcast and cultivated in.

BITING HORSES.—Horses have been successfully cured of this vice by putting a piece of hard wood an inch and a half square in the animal's mouth, about the same length as an ordinary snaffle bit. It may be fastened by a thong of leather passed through two holes in the ends of the wood, and secured to the bridle. It must be used in addition to the bit, but in no way to impede the working of the bit. Rarey adopted this plan, with the zebra in the zoo, which was a terrible brute at biting. Mr. Rarey succeeded, however, in taming and training him to harness, and drove him through the streets of London. Animals with this vice should be treated kindly in the stable, and not abused with pitch-fork handles, whips, etc., an apple, crust of bread, a piece of beet, etc., and a kind pat, but firm, watchful hand and eye, with the use of the above wooden bit, will cure the most inveterate biter. The fact that he cannot shut his mouth or grip anything soon dawns upon him, and then he is conquered.—*Toronto Globe.*

SUITABLE MANURES.—All vegetables that are grown for their leaves or stems require an abundance of nitrogenous manures, and it is useless to attempt vegetable gardening without it. To this class belong cabbage, lettuce, etc. The other class, which is grown principally for its seeds or pods, as beans, peas, etc., does not require much manure of this character; in fact, the plants are injured by it. It causes too great a growth of stem and leaf, and the earliness—a great aim in vegetable growing—is injuriously affected. Mineral manures, as wood ashes, bonedust, etc., are much better for them. For vegetables requiring rich stable manure it is best that they have it well rotted and decayed. Nothing has yet been found so well fitted for the purpose as old hotbed dung, though to the smell no trace of "ammonia" remains in it.—*Gardener's Monthly.*

Mummy Plants.

One of the strongest arguments, though it will not bear too close an examination, brought against evolution is the fact that, in the coffins of mummied Egyptians dating from more than three thousand years ago are found leaves, flowers and seeds of plants exactly similar to species now existing. The mummy wheat is a well-known example, but, to judge from various writers, including Dr. Schweinfurth, the list of mummy plants has been greatly enlarged by the late discoveries, the results of which are in the Museum of Boolak. Thus, in the coffins ol Aahines I, who reigned about 1800 B. C., and of those of other Kings, were found, forming part of the funeral wreaths, petals of the blue water-lily (*Nymphaea cærulea*), of an acacia (*A. nilotica*), of a mallow (*Alcea ficifolia*), of the watermelon, and of the Egyptian willow. The two first and last still grow wild in Egypt and tropical Africa, and the others, as well as a larkspur (*Delphinium orientale*), and a dye plant (*Carthamus tinctoria*), both of which occur also in the coffins, are still cultivated. None of these species appear to have changed greatly during the thirty-six centuries or thereabouts. Surely this is a fact against evolution. Why so? No evolutionist expects change unless the conditions change. The conditions of soil, climate, etc., in the valley of the Nile are probably pretty much the same as they were when those wreaths were fresh. Man has changed there from outside causes, and the change has not been for the better. That species placed in changed conditions change rapidly to suit them, when not annihilated by their too great suddenness, has been proved by an almost endless series of data.

Curb The Temper.

It was a strange scene. A passionate, high-tempered boy had spoken, in heat of temper, words it was painful to hear, unfeeling, insolent, angry words. They were said to his father; a man who, in earlier days, would have responded with a blow. His hair was white now, and his blood had cooled somewhat. He looked at his son sadly.

"I had rather have given a thousand dollars than to see you give way to your temper like this."

"You are one to say that!" the boy cried, passionately, all his lifelong fear of his father swept away by his anger. And then the boy stopped, half expecting some punishment. He was not prepared for his father's reply:

"I am the very one to say it," the old man answered. "If I had not suffered so much from my own temper I should not be so anxious to spare you similar pain. Do you think I like to know that my own son has always been afraid of me; that I am dreaded and not welcome in my home; that my old age will be embittered because I have been an unlovely, though not an unloving man?

"If I had been gentle and patient and self controlled, I should have been happy and beloved, instead of unhappy and avoided. Do you think I want you to sow what I have sown, and reap as I I have reaped?"

Things could never be the same between that father and son, as if all their life together had been one of kindness and justice and self-restraint on the father's side, and loving obedience on the son's; but that mutual acknowledgment of the truth brought them nearer together than they had ever been brought before.

Health Hints.

When one has had a fever, and the hair is falling off, take a teacup of sage, steep it in a quart of water, strain it off into a tight bottle. Sponge the head with this tea frequently, wetting the roots of the hair.

An attack of indigestion caused by eating nuts, will be immediately relieved and cured by the simple remedy, salt. Medical men recommend that salt should be used with nuts, especially when eaten at night.

CURE FOR IVY POISONING.—Hall's *Journal of Health* says: "Bathe the parts affected with spirits of nitre. If the blisters are broken so that the nitre be allowed to penetrate the cuticle, more than a single application is rarely necessary, and even where it is only applied to the surface of the skin three or four times a day there is rarely a trace of the poison left next morning."

Dr. Recklam considers that headache and other consequences of sleeping in rooms containing flowers do not arise from any special properties of the flowers themselves, but are due to straining of the nerves of smell in the presence of perfumes for an unwonted length of time. The effect is analageus to that produced upon the eyes by an unusual exposure to light, or on the ears by long continued sounds.

M. Regnard, a French savant, has been lately trying the effect of "blood diet" on lambs. Three lambs, which for some unexplained cause had been abandoned by their mothers, were fed on "powdered blood" with the most gratifying results. The lambs increased in size in the most marvelous fashion and attained unusual proportions for their age. The coats of wool also became double in thickness. Encouraged by his success with the lambs, M. Regnard is now feeding some calves on blood.

Varieties.

The late Prince Gortschakoff always wore a ring given to him by Queen Hortense in 1819, when she was compelled, at the instance of the Tuscan government, to make a rapid retreat from Florence, and he, acting as Prince Felsen for Marie Antoinette, mounted the box and drove her carriage horses.

One day recently Meissonier called at Detaille's house, and, finding him out, went into the billiard-room to have some practice. In making a difficult stroke he cut a hole in the cloth, and being unable to repair it, pasted a bit of paper over it and made thereon an exquisite little sketch. An art collector has offered $200 for that patch, but Detaille will not part with it.

The Berkleyan Society of the University of California recently published a volume of verses by the students. Just before the book went to the bindery an astute proof-reader discovered that one of the sonnets by an under graduate damsel was stolen bodily from Coleridge. Later, when the sheets of 300 copies had been struck off, another sonnet from a well-known English poet was found. The sheets were destroyed and the disgusted printer was forced a third time to make up the book. That time it went to press, when an editor cruelly tore the mask from another young Berkleyan.

Slipping Locomotive Wheels.

In connection with the prevention of the dangerous tendency in locomotive wheels to slip, M. Poisot recently communicated to the Societe de l'Industrie Minerale de Saint-Etienne some valuable results gained in the Mazenay Mines, where no more fuel is now employed for hauling out one hundred tons than was employed for eighty formerly. It appears that the ventilation is effected by diffusion, and that there is constantly in the rolling-way a tolerably thick smoke which, with condensed steam from the engine and the dampness of the workings, causes the rails to be slippery. The consequence is that every time they tried to ascend the gradient of one in sixty-six with a full train they could only get up half of it without the wheels beginning to spin, and during the rest of the ride so much difficulty was experienced and so much pressure lost that they were obliged to stop to make steam. This caused great consumption of fuel, excessive wear of the working parts of the engine and a rapid destruction of the rails. It so happened that a month or two ago the joint of one of the cylinder cocks leaked, and the jet of steam escaping from it was directed on to the rail, when the engine took the gradient without once slipping. For two days they worked without repairing it, and the locomotive drew all the trains without the slightest stoppage. In consequence of this experience they altered the cylinder cocks so as to make them discharge directly on to the rails, and when they got to the gradient the cocks were slightly opened, so that they ascended without difficulty. This new use of steam is a simpler modification of the old idea of washing the rails with a jet of water.

A Pickled Baby.

How a Mother in Australia Preserved the Body of Her Child.

A lady writes from Australia to the London *Truth*: I constantly see in the papers sent me from England accounts of strange inquiries put by servants to their employers. While arranging with a cook some time ago I had a most extraordinary request made to me. The woman asked if she might bring her baby, which she added hastily, would be no trouble as it was pickled. It turned out that the poor little scrap was born and had died while his father was absent on a voyage from which he never returned. The mother, anxious to preserve the remains, and being ignorant of any other method, pickled the infant. She became so attached to the child in this state, that she objected to be without it. I confess I felt a sympathy for her, and granted her request. I have never regretted it; she is a capital servant, and her poor little relic is quite unobjectionable. I feel sure your readers will view with horror the idea of such an inmate—yet when rich people incur vast expense to embalm and even cremate their dead, great sympathy is often felt with them, and no repugnance felt toward the expensive remains. My poor cook felt all the sentiment of wishing to have her beloved dead. Was it her fault that the way of having it was necessarily cheap and original?

The Brook.

It started up the mountains, this little brook. Shaded by the beautiful ferns, which drooped so lovingly over it, it rested content, and never dreamed of going out into the wide world. What more could it wish? The blue sky was overheard, the wild flowers grew upon its banks, the birds sang sweetly to it. Surely, a prettier home could nowhere be found. So thought our little brook, as it bubbled out its shallow content.

One bright summer day there came a little lark to bathe in the clear water, and as he bathed he sang. He sang a wonderful song of the great world. He sang of the cities, filled with busy life; the streets, where the hum of many voices and the tread of many feet were heard. He sang of ships, with tall masts and creaking cordage, sailing over the ocean. He sang of the country, with its peace and quiet, and its fields of yellow grain, which swayed gently to and fro in the wind. He sang of the great rivers, in their wide, deep channels, bearing upon their calm bosoms the commerce of a nation. Then shaking the drops from off his wings, he mounted up until his form was lost to view, and only a faint refrain of his song came floating down. That, too, soon died away, and the little brook was again alone. But a mighty impulse was stirring down in its heart, which should one day bring forth powerful results. The little brook was going to seek its fortune. It would not waste any more time in idle dreaming; the world was before it; up from the world came faintly an alluring voice. "I must go," said the little brook.

"Ah, stay!" murmured the green ferns. "Your mountain home is bright and fair."

"Yes, but my visions of the world are brighter yet."

"Ah, do not go!" said the wild flowers. "We are sweet."

"Yes, but sweeter flowers will greet me if I flow in the path of duty."

"The world is too wide and busy," sang the birds. "If you go out into the world you must work as the world works. Stay, and we will sing you restful, lulling songs."

"I must work as the world works. Too long have I rested while my work waited," said the brook.

So it bade the old friends a tearful good-bye, and sped away down the mountain. Rippling over mossy stones, under leaning ferns and brakes, it went its way. It lingered still in the woods, no longer the tiny rill it first had been, but, swelled by the rains, a little stream. And gay pleasure-seekers came and encamped on its banks, and wove themselves garlands from the flowers and ferns that grew there, or drank of its cool waters. A little child could step across it in those days. Still on it wandered, making music from the roughest stone, its channel growing wider each day, till it came to the country the little bird had sung about. There it loved to stay, winding in and out among the fields. It was spanned by bridges now, and the little village boys sat there and fished while the younger ones made mud pies upon the banks, or sailed their little wooden boats, and fond lovers came at twilight to pluck the blue forget-me-nots. This was pleasant, ah, very pleasant, and yet it could not linger there. It had work to do. So it hastened on, and other streams flowed into it, and it grew strong and deep. At last it reached a mill. There stood the great wheel, waiting for the force that was to move it, and the little brook, that once could scarcely have turned a child's plaything, now laughed in glee as it whirled the wheel around, and merrily dashed in clouds of spray against it. That was its last dance. It must move calmly on now, for it had become a mighty river. On its proud bosom the great ships sailed, and cities were built upon its banks. Still on it flowed, in slow majestic sweep, till it reached the boundless ocean. And into that it poured its wealth of water. "Useless? Lost?" Nay, little brook. You have seen the world, and you still fulfill your mission.

Japanese Vegetables.

Among the plants utilized by the Japanese are several of the lily tribe. The bulbs of *Lilium callosum* are eaten roasted, boiled and preserved, while a white farina is also derived from them. A similar farina is also derived from the bulbs of *Engthronium grandiflorum*, a near relative of our own dog's-tooth violet (which has nothing of the violet but the name). This latter farina is called *Katakuri*. The dried flowers of *Hemerocallis graminea* are also used by the Japanese and are a favorite dish of the Chinese.

Mme. Johanna Wagner, a niece of the great composer, has been appointed Professor of singing at the Munich Conservatoire. This is the first time such a professorship has been granted in Germany to a lady.

Culls.

Nearly all the post-offices in Texas are in charge of females. It works so well that the males now arrive and depart every hour in the day.

The poet Street spoke of "the unwinking eagle." This is nonsense. The eagle is always a wingking.

Professor of Rhetoric.—"What important change came over Burns in the latter part of his life?" Senior—"He died."

Sioux squaws do not wear striped stockings. Three streaks of green paint are cooler and cheaper.

At a church entertainment in California rumpunch was smuggled in as cold tea. The desire for tea became great.

No matter how hard the times may be, bees always cell all the honey they make.

A man who ran against Time sustained a serious concussion.

A good place for match-makers—The School of Design.

It is proposed to send an amateur brass band to Montana to make the Indians go West.

Terry's key-note—Do. The Centennial key-note—See. The Stewart heirs' key-note—soul. The key-note of Sol—Ray.

Said Mr. Tapley, of Danbury, feeling softly of his nose. "I don't want to be too hopeful or sanguine, but I believe I'm going to have a boil."

A newsboy says of the new star-spangled handkerchiefs: "If any man aims a blow at the American flag, spot him on the snoot.

When Sitting Bull declined to go on the reservation, it was probably because he had a mental reservation of his own to resort to.

There is a Chicago girl who, if she thinks she is going to be beaten in a game of croquet, will always fall down in a fit over the last hoop.

The Virginia peanut crop, it is said, has rotted on the vines.

The German journals announce that the Duke of Saxe Coburg-Gotha, brother of the late Prince Consort of England, has written a history of the years 1848 and 1849, which will be published soon.

When a Louisville girl comes to the conclusion to have nothing to do with her beau, she figures up the amount he has expended on her for ice cream and candy and buggy riding, and sends him a certified check for the sum total.

The judge the other morning asked a prisoner charged with drunkenness what he intended to do. He replied, frankly, that he "wasn't his own boss this morning."

Mrs. Sarah Ray, a washerwoman of Leadville, and the first female who dared to set foot in the place, has amassed a fortune of $1,000,000 by investing her earnings in mining shares.

The weather is so damp at Coney Island that they have begun to put cork soles into their slam chowder.

The Miseries of a Mean Man.

Sometimes I wonder what a mean man thinks about when he goes to bed. When he turns out the light and lies down. When the darkness closes all about him and he is alone, and compelled to be honest with himself. And not a bright thought, not a generous impulse, not a manly act, not a word of blessing, not a grateful look comes to bless him again. Not a penny dropped into the outstretched palm of poverty. Not the balm of a loving word dropped into an aching heart. No sunbeam of encouragement cast upon a struggling life; the strong right hand of fellowship reached out to help some fallen man to his feet—when none of these things come to him as the "God bless you" of the departed day, how he must hate himself. How he must try to roll away from himself and sleep on the other side of the bed. When the only victory he can think of is some mean victory, in which he has wronged a neighbor. No wonder he always sneers when he tries to smile. How pure and fair and good all the rest of the world must look to him, and how cheerless and dusty and dreary must his own path appear. Why, even one lone, isolated act of meanness is enough to scatter cracker crumbs in the bed of the average ordinary man, and what must be the feelings of a man whose whole life is given up to mean acts? When there is so much suffering and heartache and misery in the world anyhow, why should you add one pound of wickedness or sadness to the general burden? Don't be mean, my boy. Suffer injustice a thousand times rather than commit it once.—*Burdette.*

Last year over 253,000 pounds of ostrich feathers were sent to England from Canitoun, the value of the feathers being $5,400,000. It is said that the total is seven-fold what the total was ten years ago.

Domestic Caterer.

GOOD BEAN SOUP.—Soak a quart of black beans over night in clear, cold water; drain them well the next morning, and put them on to boil five or six hours before dinner, with a small slice of pork (minced and fried), three large onions, minced and fried in the pork fat or in butter, a carrot and three potatoes, cut into small pieces, a pod of red pepper, salt, a gallon of clear, cold water. Let it come slowly to a boil, then set it where it may simmer gently and steadily; keep it well skimmed. Just before dinner is served, strain and return it to the pot, add pepper and salt if necessary, and thicken with a tablespoonful each of butter and flour, worked together to a cream. Let it boil up once, and serve, either with sliced lemon or flavored with Worcestershire sauce or plain.

PUMPKIN MUSH.—Use equal parts of yellow Indian meal and pumpkin, boiled tender, and rubbed through a sieve with a potato-masher; put a quart of boiling water over the fire in a thick kettle, add to it a level tablespoonful of salt, and stir the meal and pumpkin into the water until the pudding-stick will stand upright in the mush; then add two tablespoonfuls of butter; boil the mush slowly for at least an hour, stirring it occasionally to prevent burning. When the mush is cooked serve it hot, with plenty of cold milk.

POTATOES AND EGGS.—Remove the skins from some boiled Irish potatoes, and when perfectly cold cut up in small pieces about the size of a grain o corn, and season with salt and pepper; to a quart of potatoes thus prepared take yolks of six eggs and the whites of three, beat them well together. Have some butter in a frying pan, and when it is melted put in the potatoes. When they are quite hot stir in the eggs, and continue stirring so as mix them well with the potatoes, and until the eggs are set. Season and serve hot.

BOILED APPLE DUMPLING.—Peel and chop fine tart apples, make a crust of one cup of rich buttermilk, one teaspoonful soda, and flour enough to roll; roll half an inch thick, spread with the apple, sprinkle well with sugar and cinnamon, cut in strips two inches wide, roll up like jelly cake, set up the rolls (on end) in a dripping-pan, putting a teaspoonful of butter on each, put in a moderate oven, and baste them often with the juice. Use the juice for the sauce.

SPINACH WITH CREAM.—Boil the spinach very tender in salted water. Before boiling cut off all the roots and wash thoroughly. When soaked drain through a collander and finely mince. Put a tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoon of flour; blend together and boil up; season with pepper and salt; add a cup of heated cream; mix well together; pour over spinach; simmer a few minutes. Serve hot with crutons of fried bread around the dish.

Fat Food Necessary.

Every full grown man and woman, and every youth, requires about two ounces of some kind of fat daily, as a portion of his or her diet, and if not taken as food, the time is hastened when it has to be as medicine, to simply prolong—it may be for a year or two—a miserable existence with consumption or other fatal disease in consequence, "dyspepsia" and loss of fat being commonly the first admonitions.

Anyone who long neglects to take a due proportion of fatty food to maintain bodily temperature will soon find himself growing lean, his system will live upon its interstitial fat—that which is distributed throughout the bodily tissues of healthy persons—and he will shortly begin to have dyspeptic symptoms on account of the deficiency in his food to maintain healthy nutrition. And for this condition, it is unfortunately too often the case, medicine or moonshine is given in promotion of the danger. Many persons who, from the cultivation of a vitiated taste for delicacies, or under the influence of bad advice, have lost the power of assimilating the fat of meats, may do much towards regaining the lost power by the use of well-made "shortened" bread—bread made of dough to which lard or butter is added; or some of the preparations of ground wheat or Indian meal.

TO PRESERVE SMALL FRUITS WITHOUT COOKING.—Strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, cherries and peaches can be preserved in this manner: Lay the ripe fruit on broad ishes, and sprinkle over it the same quantity of sugar used in cooking if. Set in the sun or moderately heated oven, until the juice forms a thick syrup with the sugar. Pack the fruit in tumblers, and pour the syrup over it. Paste writing paper over the glasses, and set them in a cool dry place. Peaches must be pared and split, and cherries stoned. Preserved in this manner, the fruit retains its flavor.

Chicago glove merchants employ lady clerks with big hands. It flatters the customers.

How Girls Study.

Did you ever see two girls get together to study of an evening? I have, and it generally goes like this:

"In 1673 Marquette discovered the Mississippi. In 1673 Marquette dis—What did you say, Ide? You had ever so much rather see the hair coiled than braided? Yes, so had I. It's so much more stylish, and then it looks classical, too; but how do you like—O, hear! I can never learn this lesson!

"In 1863 Lafayette discovered the Wisconsin. In 1863 Lafayette discovered the—well! what's the matter with with me, anyhow! In sixteen seventy-three Marquette discovered the Mississippi. I don't care if he did. I suppose the Mississippi would have gotten along just as well if Marquette had never looked at it. Now, see here, Ide, is there anything about my looks that would give you to understand that I know when Columbus founded Jamestown, and how George Washington won the battle of Shiloh? Of course there isn't. History's a horrible study anyhow. No use neither. Now, French is much nicer. I can introduce French phrases very often and one must know I have studied the language. What is the lesson for to-morrow? O, yes; conjugation of parler. Let's see; how does it commence? Fe parle, tu parle il, par—il pa—il—well, il then!

"Conjugations don't amount to anything. I know some phrases that are appropriate here and there, and in most every locality; and how's anybody going to know but what I have the conjugations all by heart?

"Have I got my geometry? No, I'm just going to study it. Thirty-ninth, is it not?

"Let the triangle A B C, triangle A B—say, Ide, have you read about the Jersey Lilly and Freddie? I think it is too utterly utter, and Freddie is simply gorgeous. I'm completely crushed on him—

"Oh, theorem!

"Let the triangle A B C be right-angled at B. On the side B C, erect the square A, I. On the side—did I tell you Sister Carracciola gave me a new piece to-day, a sonata? It is really intense. The tones fairly stir my soul. I am never going to take anything but sonatas after this. I got another new piece, too. Its name is Etudes. Isn't it funny? I asked Tom this noon what it means, and he says it is Greek for nothing. It is quite apropos, for there is really nothing in it—the same thing over and over.

"Where was I? O, yes, side A C, the square A E. Draw the line—come no, let's go at our astronomy. It's on Are the planets inhabited?

"Now, Ide, I think they are, and I have thought about it a great deal. I bonged my hair last night. I wanted a Langtry bang just too bad for any use, but pa raved, and I had to give in. Yes, I think they are inhabited. I should like to visit some of them, but you would not catch me living in Venus. Eight seasons! Just think how often we would have to have new outfits to keep up with the styles.

"What! you are not going? I am so sorry, but I suppose you are tired. I am. It always makes me most sick to study a whole evening like this. I think sister ought to give us a picture."

And they go to school next morning and tell the other girls how awfully hard they have studied.—*Belle McDonald, in Chicago Tribune.*

Steam as a Preventive of Fire.

The direct application of steam for the extinction of fires has very often been proposed and written about, but, so far as we know, the system has, in this country, at least, never been put to anything beyond experimental proof. In Berlin lately it has shown its value by extinguishing at its commencement what would probably have been a large conflagration, and this, too, was accomplished automatically. The scene of this arrested disaster is a steel pen manufactory, where also are made myriads of wooden penholders. In the drying-rooms for these last the owner, in consequence of their inflammable nature, had taken certain precautions. Into each room a small steam-pipe is carried from the main boiler of the establishment. At the termination of each of hese is fixed a metal cap, made of an easily fusible alloy, which will quickly melt if exposed to the heat of a fire. The first intimation which occurred the other day of such a fire having broken out was the loud hissing of the escaping steam from one of these pipes, with the result that the half-burnt penholders, walls, ceiling and every combustible thing in the place were found saturrated with condensed steam, and therefore rendered perfectly uninflammable. The system seems so simple, and capable of such cheap application where steam-boilers are already established, that it is likely to be extensively adopted when its advantages are known fully.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., July 19, 1883.

The Largest Paper in Centre County.

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LOCAL ITEMS.

——Last Friday and Sunday afternoons we had very heavy rains.

——Mr. Chr. Dale Sr., republican nominee for Associate Judge, favored our sanctum with a visit.

——The apple crop in our county will not be abundant; prospect is there will be enough for home consumption.

—Jas. Duck, of Gregg, has purchased a steam engine and thresher, and will be prepared to put a farmer's crop through in short order.

——On Friday last the dwelling of D. H. Rote, at Aaronsburg, was struck by lightning. The flash struck the chimney and passed down into the kitchen, upsetting the cooking stove.

Doll & Mingle's boots and shoes are pronounced the best by all men and women who wear them, and they will have none other. Prices are always reasonable and all goods warranted.

——Edward Peck, a young man of Nittany valley, recently had two fingers taken off by a circular saw at Snavely's mill.

——A son of Mich. Kerstetter, farmer, near Zion fell from a cherry tree breaking one of his arms.

—C. W. Hosterman, of Woodward, had his colar bone broken the other week, by being crowded against a post by a vicious horse.

—C. W. Burd, of Aaronsburg, while engaged in taking down the scaffolding after plastering the new church at Coburn, a few days ago, fell, breaking the right arm above the wrist, and also dislocating the wrist.

——Rev. John Hewitt, of Bellefonte, who was recently elected grand prelate of the grand commandery, Knights Templar, of Pennsylvania, was presented with a gold uniform and gold sword by the Bellefonte commandery on Thursday evening last.

——Dinges' Centre Hall grocery is complete in every department. Family groceries always fresh and none but pure goods kept, and sold at the smallest possible margin. Butter, eggs, ham, shoulders, sides and all kinds of country produce wanted and the highest market price allowed for some.

——Lightning, over a week ago, played its pranks up in College township at a lively rate. The dwelling of Mr. George Cronmiller was struck, but not much damaged. The dwelling of Wm. Grove was severely shattered by a bolt, and the barn of Mr. Taylor was also struck by the electric fluid.

——Ex-Senator Peale, of Lock Haven, who is to have a town named after him, will sail for Europe on the 14th. He expects to meet the Prince of Wales and take tea with the Queen. He will present her Majesty with a copy of the REPORTER that she may know what is doing in Centre county.

——Brackbills furniture rooms are always kept stocked with first class goods suited for all classes rich and poor. It is the old reliable stand, founded 40 years ago—always retaining the confidence of the people. This fact is a sufficient recommendation for Brackbill, and he may well feel proud of it. For honestly made furniture, at honest prices, home and city work, go to Brackbill's old stand.

——The wild mountain regions of Centre county, with their chrystal, limpid, icy water, full of trout, and with pure, fresh air, present a far richer and more health giving summer resort than all your seaside watering places. A tent, fishing tackle, grub, and you have a field before you for manly sport. We would sooner spend one week in our mountains than four at your fashionable resorts, with all their snobbery, flummery, floppery and silly gigglers. We have tried both and know whereof we speak, when it comes down to real manly sport and enjoyment.

——We call the attention of any of our readers who are in want of a salaried situation, and who can fill the bill, to the advertisement in another column of R. G. Chase & Co., headed 'Salesmen Wanted." Write to them for particulars. 28j3t

FRESH MEAT.—James A. Deckert's Spring Mills meat market supplies fresh, stall-fed beef, constantly, also pork, veal and mutton in season. Potters Mills, Centre Hill and Penn Hall will be supplied from the wagon, two days each week. 10may6m

JOB PRINTING.—Having added some new founts of job-type to our office, and a lot of stationery at low prices, we can furnish 1000 printed envelopes at $1.75; ruled bill heads at $3.40 per 1000, and letter heads at same low rates, for cash.

Mr. N. C. Meyers, Reading, Pa., says: I found Brown's Iron Bitters very beneficial as an apetizer and for debility.

—Sechler's grocery headquarters for pure table groceries.

STATE COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT.

For the REPORTER:

I had the pleasure of attending the Commencement exercises at the State College, during the last week in June and feel that the time was well spent. The exercises throughout were interesting and did great credit to the institution. The Baccalaureate sermon, by Rev. Dr. William H. Campbell, was an excellent discourse. He selected for his text the 19th verse of the 119 Psalm. His remarks were appropriate to the occasion and were listened to by a large audience. The address of Hon. George B. Loring, U. S. Com'r of Agriculture, was a very fine effort and called forth praise from all who heard it. He is an entertaining speaker and advanced good ideas. The Inaugural address of President Atherton was an admirable effort and I think was enjoyed by every person who heard it. I consider him one of the best men that has ever held the position. If education, energy and general fitness will bring success, then I think the prosperity of the institution is assured. He appears to be a favorite with the faculty, students and people of the neighborhood generally. This is one of the best indications of his qualifications. The exercises were all good and I think if the citizens of the county would have attended them more generally it would have helped to remove the old prejudices that have existed against the college. I think those who were present went away with good impressions. I think the people of the neighborhood are becoming more favorably disposed toward the institution each year. It is better patronized by them than formerly. This I think is a good indication. The standing of an institution at home has a great deal to do with its reputation abroad.

There is no reason why the college should not prosper under proper management. It is located in a healthy country. It is removed from temptations so ruinous to students and it offers a thorough education at comparatively little expense. C. DALE, SR.

Oak Hall, July 9.

—Rev Ira, of Chester county, and his wife, (who was formerly Miss Ella Musser) are visiting her parents, Dr. Musser's in Aaronsburg. Harry H. Yearick and wife, of Phil'a, are also visiting at his parents in Aaronsburg,

—For first class canned goods always call at Sechlers, and get it cheap.

Heart affections, kidney and liver troubles affect nearly one-half of mankind. Yet how many heedlessly pass through a shortened life giving no care to these complaints which cause the human family such great distress. Does your heart beat violently from the least excitement? Have you fits of dizziness? Does your back ache? Are your bowels constipated? Delay is dangerous. Be wise in time. Reign perfect health by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

——The cholera is committing fearful ravages in Egypt, still it does not affect the rush to the Philad. Branch for cheap and stylish clothing. Lewins is a man every inch and he can rig out his fellow man in the most fashionable style for $10 to $15 less than any other clothing store in the United States or Delaware.

——There is no establishment keeping boots and shoes, in this part of the state, that has as elegant assortment as you invariably find at Doll & Mingle's in the Brockerhoff house block. Goods for all ages, sexes, and all classes of men.

ST. ELMO HOTEL,

No 317 & 319 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Reduced rates to $2 00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.
JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor
apr26tf

RE-OPENING OF THE SPRING MILLS ACADEMY.

The fall term of this institution will open on the 23d of July, '83, under the advice of Prof. D. M. Wolf, and will continue for a term of ten weeks. All persons desiring to prepare for teaching, or entrance into college, will find this a very desirable place to do so. No pains will be spared to give entire satisfaction. For further information or reference address, PROF. LEWIS ROBB,
PROF. D. M. WOLF, Principal,
or I. J. GRENOBLE, Spring Mills, Pa.

PENN'S VALLEY INSTITUTE.

The Fall Term of this Academy will begin July 30, 1883. Special attention will be given to those preparing to teach. Tuition from $4 to $8. Boarding from $2 to $2 50 per week.
W. P. HOSTERMAN, A. M.,
12jul3t Principal.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION!!

The undersigned will begin a term of Musical Instructions on the Pisno and Organ, commencing July 30, 1883, and continuing ten weeks. Classes will be organized at Aaronsburg, Millheim and vicinity. Arrangements have been made at Aaronsburg to accommodate pupils from a distance who are desirous of receiving musical instruction. Terms moderate. Good boarding can be procured at reasonable rates. Persons expecting to take lessons should apply immediately so that the necessary arrangements may be effected. For further information apply in person, or address
WM. T. MEYER,
12jul3t Aaronsburg, Pa.

PRECIOUS HOPE—PERUNA.

One morning while he (her husband) was holding her up in order that she could breathe more easily, after having struggled with a bad spell of coughing, he made the remark that he did not believe she would ever get well, when she, in her weakness, said: "Yes I will, if you will bring Dr. Hartman." The doctor was brought. He prescribed a teaspoonful of *Peruna* every hour. She began to improve from the first dose she took. She told me to-day she has never felt better in her life than she does now, and that she cannot say too much for *Peruna*.
A. J. MILLER.

Her husband writes: "South Chicago, Ill., Dec. 19, 1881: I have a living witness of the virtue of *Peruna* in my wife, who was saved from death by it. I certify that every word on page 30 in Dr. Hartman's book on the "Ills of Life" is true in every particular. T. S. EBERLINE.

——The trial of binders which was to have taken place on the Huston farm, near this place, on Friday, was postponed to Monday last on account of the heavy rain. On Monday afternoon four machines appeared on the ground, a 20 acre field of fine wheat with few spots that were lodged. The machines were the Wood, the Osborn, the Deering, and the Cpampion. There were probably 100 spectators present, some from quite a distance. The team to each binder consisted of three horses, and all good stout animals. The binders went to work together one being a short distance ahead of the other, thus rounding the field all afternoon, with a short stop at each round. There was no committee of judges appointed and each one very properly left to judge the work of the binders for himself. The machines and their work were carefully scrutinized by the spectators. Taking them altogether there was not a binder which we did not think worth having or which any one fel like condemning—the general expression was that all did good work. Two of the binders, the Wood and the Deering were thought by some to bind tightest. The Osborn was thought by some to be as easy on the horses as any one. The Champion with some seemed a little heavier to draw yet its delivery was good. On the whole the sentiment appeared to favor the Deering. Mr. Peter Breon, tenant on the farm, and an experienced farmer of good judgment, after close observation, intending to select the machine which in his judgment seemed best, fixed upon the Deering and purchased it. Agents from abroad representing the different binders were present.

We learn since the above is in type, that the Wood binder was purchased by John Harper on the farm adjoining the above, because took it to do admirable work all through, which is gratifying to the agents, Messrs. Alexander & Co.

—The new mercantile firm of Dinges & Vonada, at Coburn, will soon enter a new, large and elegant room, with one of the most complete stores in the eastern section of the county. They will, and do now, offer barguins unsurpassed in that section. Their stock of goods will embrace all in the line of dry-goods, notions, family groceries, clothing, etc., with fair and square dealing for all and the highest prices to farmers for all kinds of produce.

——The legislature has not yet passed an apportionment, want of agreement between the houses is the reason. This, however, does not in the least interfere with any who desire to get a fair apportionment of ready made clothing at astonishingly low prices. All you need to do is to go to the Philad. Branch where Lewins & Co. will suit and fit you for less money than any establishment in the state. Men and boy's clothing in endless varieties at the Philad. Branch. A better investment not to be made.

ASSOCIATE JUDGE

We are authorized to announce that John Rishel, of Potter, will be a candidate for Associate Judge, subject to democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Henry R. Smith, of Ferguson township, will be a candidate for Associate Judge, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Daniel Fleisher, of Potter, will be a candidate for Associate Judge, subject to democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Dr. J. R. Smith, of Pine Grove Mills, will be a candidate for Associate Judge, subject to democratic usages.

PHILADELPHIA PRODUCE.

Philadelphia, July 9—Flour is dull. Grain is firmer. Cotton is dull and easy at 10⅛ for middling uplands. Flour and Meal—Flour is inactive and weak. Sales of 1,100 barrels, including Minnesota extras at 5.00@6.00; Pennsylvania family at 4.87½@5.00; western do., at 5.50@6.12½ and patents at 6.25a7.25. Rye flour is dull at 3.50 per barrel.

At the open board, second call, 1 p. m. wheat was strong and higher, 1.15½ bid and 1.16 asked for No 2 red, July; 1.13½ bid and 1.14 asked for August; 1.15 bid 1.15½ asked for September; 1.16 bid and 1.17 asked for October. Corn was easier with 55⅛ bid and 56 asked for sail, mixed July; 60½ bid and 61 asked for August; 62 bid and 62½ asked for September; 62 bid and 64 asked for October. Oats was steady, with 44½ bid and 45½ asked for No 2 white. July; 40½ bid and 41⅛ asked for August; 38 bid and 39 asked for September; 38 bid and 39 asked for October.

LOCK HAVEN MARKET.

Butter, 15 to 20 cts. per lb; eggs, 18 to 22 cts. per doz; potatoes, old 80 cts. per bushel; new, 40 cts. per peck; chickens, 60 to 80 cts. per pair; lard, 16 cts. per lb; apple butter 80 cts. per gal; corn, 80 cts. per bu; oats, 55 cts. per bu; beans, 35 to 40 cts. per peck; cabbage plants, 10 cts. per doz; strawberries, 10 to 18 cts. per qt; peas, in pod, 40 cts. per peck; shelled, 22 cts. per qt; currants, 10 cts. per qt; cherries, 4 to 6 cts. per qt.

SPRING MILLS MARKET.

Wheat—Red	$1.10
Rye	70
Corn, shelled, and ears new	60
Oats, new	45
Buckwheat	50
Barley	75
Cloverseed	8 00
Timothy seed	1 50
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00

Butter, 15 c; tallow, 6; lard, 12; ham, 15; shoulder, 12; bacon or side, 12; eggs per dozen, 14 cents.

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

COAL—Pea, 3. 35; Chestnut, 4.75; Stove, 5.00; Egg, 4.85.

JURORS—AUGUST COURT.

GRAND JURORS.—Liberty—T S Winslow, D Robb, A C Bowes.....Marion—Wm. Irvin.....Millheim—Jacob Alters, F P Moyer.....Walker—Mich. Corman.....Benner—W H Taylor, Fred. Taylor.....Howard—Jas. B Hall.....Union—A Hall, H Holdings.....Boggs—Wm. Kline, And. Healon.....Philipsburg—R Kincade, B I Laport.....Harris—Chas. Moore.....Bellefonte—A J Brown, M Dolan.....Snowshoe—Wm. Quick.....Miles—J H Belong.....Taylor—B V Fink.....Spring—Al. Stine.....Milesburg—M M'Laughlin.

TRAVERSE JURORS.

Boggs—L R Lingle, I Shultz, C C Eckert, J P Weaver, Jas. Noll, C M'Laughlin.....Patton—W. L Furst, John Musser, I Gray.....Bellefonte—D Z Kline, Jacob Flack, A Sternberg, Jas. Dolan, I C Miller.....Walker—Jacob Dunkle, Ed. Peck.....Ferguson—R G Brett, J M Moyer, J R Smith, P S Gray.....Philipsburg—S Shmidt, J V Gray, J J Sanford, A Atherton.....Howard—I Reber, B Weber.....Haines—John C Stover, F Dutweiler, J D Bower.....Rush—R M'Cord, T Vaughn.....Liberty—Jas. R Bumgardner, H A Snyder.....Millheim—Sam'l Weiser, jr., M Ulrich.....Spring—Alex. Miller, Henry Harman, H H Griffith.....Snow Shoe—J Jacobs, J Delany.....Benner—J P Fraizer, H A Knarr.....Half Moon, John A Hunter, John Ward.....Worth, W Woodring.....Miles, Chas. H Brumgart.....Milesburg, J Bolleau.....Spring, Daniel Wian.

DIED.

On 25 of June, near Aaronsburg, Mrs. Esther Frank, widow of John Frank, aged 87 years, 8 months and 20 days.

SNAKE STORIES.

We have some shuddering snake stories for the REPORTER readers: A young man in love with a girl, while passing through a woods encountered a rattlesnake, to see it and spring at it and biting it in the back was a second's work. He ran to a neighbor's house, related the circumstance, and two men hastened to the spot with a half gallon of whiskey which was poured down the rattlers throat while writhing in agony and fearfully swollen from the bite—in three hours the serpent was sound again as a trade dollar.

About a week ago as a stout half grown boy was in a swamp across the valley, he came across a medium sized black snake, of the racer family, right under the bushes he was picking berries from. Quick as thought he wound himself around the beguiler of Eve, and had not a man come along a few moments later and killed the boy, there would have been one racer less in Penns valley.

Another boy, known in these parts as a daring chap, while basking under a shade tree, heard a noise near him and looking around beheld a garter snake crawling close by. The startled boy raised himself right up in front of the snake, fire flashing from his eyes, and the snake, becoming greatly alarmed, had the presence of mind to quickly creep into a hollow log. The boy was about 5 feet 6 inches long and probably 14 inches in diameter. That the snake escaped is almost miraculous, and the good uses of hollow logs are now known.

We have other snake stories, but we do not wish to have the Reporter reader's hair to stand on end too long, for fear every hair will turn—not gray—but into a snake.

—Indications for more rain on Wednesday.

—Alb't Mingle with his brace of little ones had to stand a levee here on Tuesday, while on his return to Bellefonte.

——Our farmers are keeping up with the improvements in machinery. Many are using a self binder to cut their present wheat crop. The double cornplanter, also a new invention, has been introduced among some of our farmers. It plants two rows at a time, and as we are informed by one using it, the double planter is comparatively cheaper than the old high priced single machine upon which it is alleged there is a profit of some 400 to 500 per cent. Mr. C. Dale, gave some wholesome advice to farmers as to impositions in regard to such things, in an article in this paper recently.

——Now is the time to get a cheap summer suit—a duster, pants, hat or any other summer garment—at the Philad. Branch. They have these goods in large piles, all styles, all prices, for men and boys, and 25 to 30 per cent cheaper than elsewhere.

Mr. Jas. W. Rexalt, Wrightsville, Pa., says: I suffered from dyspepsia and heartburn, which Brown's Iron Bitters entirely relieved."

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE.—Will be sold at public sale, at the late residence of John Heimbach, dec'd, in Potter township, Saturday, August 18, 1883 the following valuable real estate, bounded and described as follows:

Two lots of ground, one thereof beginning at a post, thence north 33° east 55 perches to stones, thence south 58° east 19½ perches to stone, thence south 33½° west 46 perches to stones, thence north 78° west 2 5 perches to post, thence south 49° west 8 perches to a stump, thence north 60° west 15 perches to place of beginning. Containing SIX acres and twelve perches, thereon erected a house and stable and other outbuildings.

And the other thereof bounded on the north by Simon Ruble on the east by Daniel Fleisher, on the south by M. Ulrich, containing four acres, more or less, no buildings.

Terms of sale.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, one third in one year, and the balance in two years with interest, the deferred payments to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises. Sale to commence at 1 p. m

ADAM KRUMRINE,
Executor

A train on the Natchez, Jackson and Columbus Railroad fell through a bridge fifty feet high. The conductor was killed and several passengers injured.

It is estimated that the corp of winter wheat in Illinois will be over thirty million bushels less than the yield of 1882.

Miss Sallie L. Paules, Wrightsville, P says: "I recommend Brown's Iron Bitters for backache and liver and kidney complaints"

MUSICAL COLLEGE.—This permanent Musical School will begin its 23d session of six weeks July 31, 1883, at Freeburgh, Pa. For particulars address F. C. Meyer, Musical Director. 28jun4t

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

In pursuance of an order of the Orphans Court of Centre County there will be exposed to public sale on the premises in the borough of Millheim on Friday, August 17, 1883 at 1 o'clock p m the following described real estate late the property of John Keen, deceased.

No. 1. Consists of a valuable tract of FARM LAND situate in the township of Penn, two miles west of the borough of Millheim on each side of the Old Fort and Mifflinburg Turnpike, containing TWO HUNDRED AND TWELVE ACRES, neat measure, survey thereof to be made before day of sale. Upon this tract there are THIRTY acres of white pine, chestnut and oak timber, a Two Story Frame Dwelling House built only two years ago, with good barn and other outbuildings, there is a large ORCHARD of choice fruit, farm well watered by good springs, land in excellent condition. The crops in the ground are reserved. No better farm in the county.

No. 2 Consists of two pieces of ground in the borough of Millheim, and marked in the general plan of said town as lots Nos. 9 & 12, each containing in breadth along Main street forty nine and one-half feet. On these lots is erected a fine large HOUSE AND SHOP.

Nos. 4 & 5 consist of TEN ACRES OF BUILDING LOTS, in the borough of Millheim, one half thereof being in the western part of said borough and the other half in eastern part, both being specially adapted for building purposes.

Possession of these several tracts to be given on or before April 1, 1884.

TERMS: Five per cent of purchase money to be paid when property is knocked down, one third of residue cash upon confirmation of sale, one third in one year thereafter with interest, and the remaining one third at the death of Mary Keen, widow of decedent, with interest thereon to be paid her annually. Said two last payments to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

HENRY KEEN,
Trustee.

PUBLIC SALE.—Will be sold at public sale at the late residence of John K. Runkle, dec'd, in Potter township, Saturday, August 4: 2 work horses, 4 years old, 2 2-year old colts, 3 milk cows, two of them are fresh, the other will be in a few weeks, 2 heifers, 2 spring calves, 15 head of sheep, 1 sow and pigs, 2 2-horse wagons, 1 2-horse sled, sleigh, wheelbarrow, grindstone, 2 harrows, hay rope, fanning mill, threshing machine and strap, graindrill, hayhook and rope, buggy pole, Excelsior reaper, cornplanter, cornscraper, 2 1-horse cultivators, 4 pairs flynets, 3 sets front gears, single harness, double harness, pair tugharness, 4 pair heavy gears, collars, bridles, &c. Also household goods. Bedsteads and other furniture, 2 iron kettles, chopper machine, and many other articles. Sale to begin at 1 p. m.

LUCINDA RUNKLE, Adm'r.
D. R. Sweetwood, Auc'r.

ORPHANT'S COURT SALE.—Will be offered at public sale, at Potters Mills, on Saturday July 21, 1883, at 2 o'clock. p. m. the following real estate of Catherine Zerby, dec'd. A certain messuage and tenement or tract of land, situated in Potter township, Centre county, bounded as follows: Beginning at a white oak, thence along land of David Working north fifty degrees east, two perches to a post; thence along land of the said John Wagner north 33½° west 44 perches to a stone; thence along land of George Rishel, south 4° west 22 2-10 perches to a post; thence along lands of Henry Working south 44° east 28 2-10 perches to the place of beginnig, and containing two acres and 120 perches of land and allowances.

Terms of Sale.—Ten per cent. in hand upon day of sale; and remainder of one-half on confirmation of sale, and the other one-half in one year with interest to be secured by bond and mortgage or judgement note on the premises.

WM. J. THOMPSON, Adm'r.

CUMMINGS HOUSE,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

EMANUEL BROWN, Proprietor.

The traveling community will find this hotel equal to any in the county in every respect, for man and beast, and charges very moderate. Give it a trial.
28june tf

DOLL & MINGLE,

Boots and Shoes.

—*Largest Stock—Lowest Prices,*—

All Goods Bought Direct From Manufactures----

Reynold's Bros. Fine Shoes,
D Armstrongs Rochester Shoes,
Mens Fine Shoes.

WE GUARANTEE EVERYTHING WE RECOMMEND.

No 10 Brockerhoff Row.

Bellefonte, P

HARDWARE — STOVES.

In addition to our extensive stock of FARMERS, BUILDERS & BLACKSMITH supplies, we would call your attention to our stock

Heating Stoves, Cooks & Ranges,

We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the
CROWNING GLORY,
FORT ORANGE,
EASTLAKE AND
WELCOME HOME.

In Cooks the REGULATOR PIONEER
In Ranges the VICTOR & APOLLA.

A full assortment of Fire Brick and Grates on hand.

WILSON, McFARLANE & CO

Goldsmith Bro's

NO TROUBLE
TO SHOW GOODS

In this spirit all visitors are received at the

BEE HIVE
ONE PRICE
STORES

Whether you intend to purchase or see only

"LOOKING TO SEE WHERE YOU CAN DO THE BEST."

In fact the better a person is acquainted with prices and goods elsewhere, the more certain

WE ARE TO SECURE THEIR PATRONAGE

Nothing is better known to the community at large than that for low prices and excellent variety of goods that we

TAKE THE LEAD

Over and Above All Other Competitors
DRESS GOODS,
SILKS,
SHAWLS,
DOMESTICS,
LINENS,
RIBBONS,
LACES,
HOSIERY,
NOTIONS,

DRESS GOODS,
SILKS,
SHAWLS,
DOMESTICS,
LINENS,
RIBBONS,
LACES,
HOSIERY,
NOTIONS,

CARPETS & OIL CLOTHS,

Merchant Tailoring,

Gents Furnishing Goods,

HATS & CAPS,

TRUNKS & SATCHELS

Also Manufacturers of the celebrated "Bee Hive Overalls,"—Best in the World.

GOLDSMITH BROTHERS

BEE HIVE

ONE PRICE STORES!

Bellefonte, Pa.

N B—Don't lose sight of the fact that we are still retailing carpets 25 per cent cheaper than they can be bought elsewhere

If you want a
BICYCLE, TRICYCLE,
or a VELOCIPEDE,
SEND TO
H. B. HART,
No. 811 Arch St.
Phila. Pa.,
for a Price list and Catalogue giving full description.
July 19' 83